

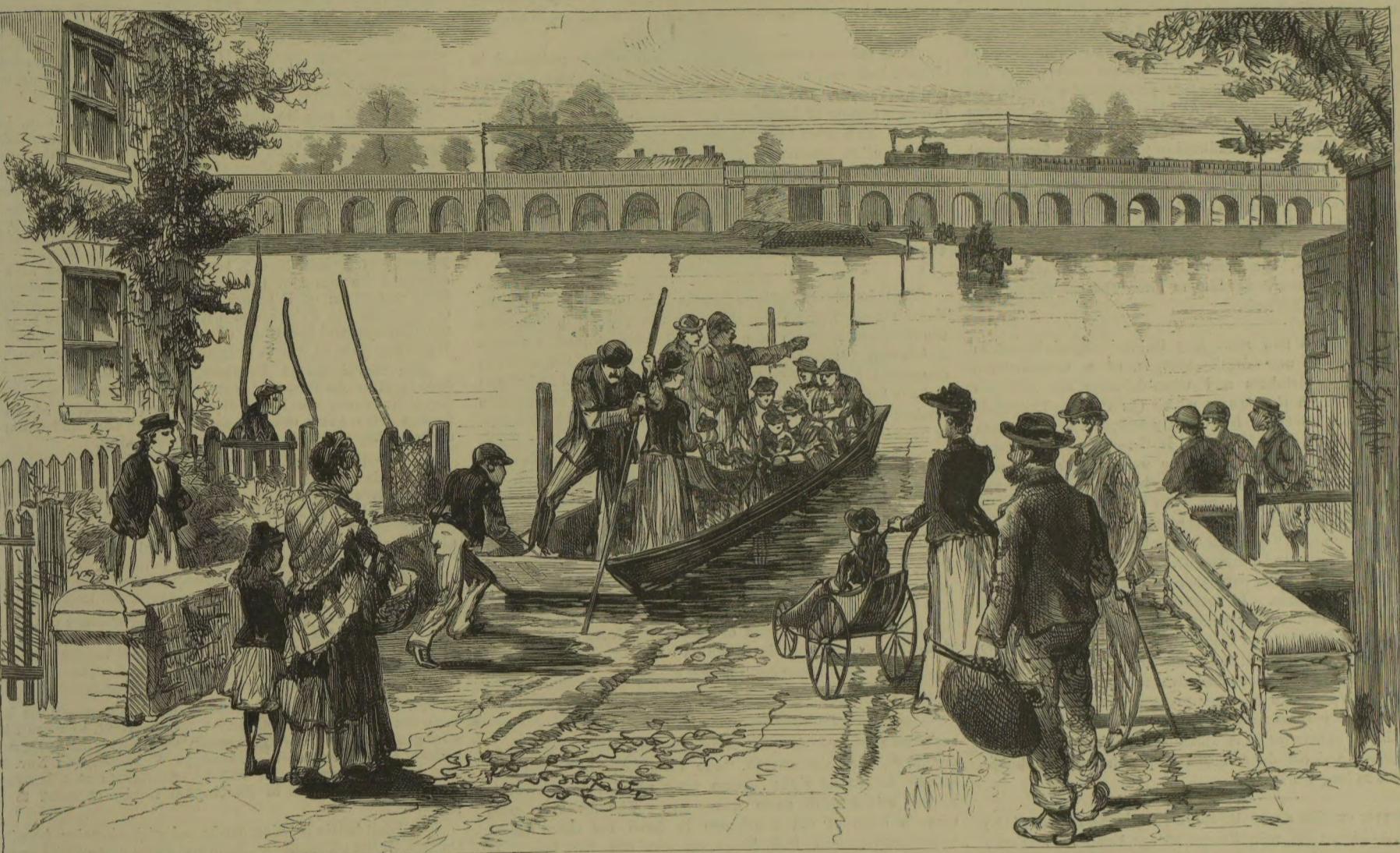
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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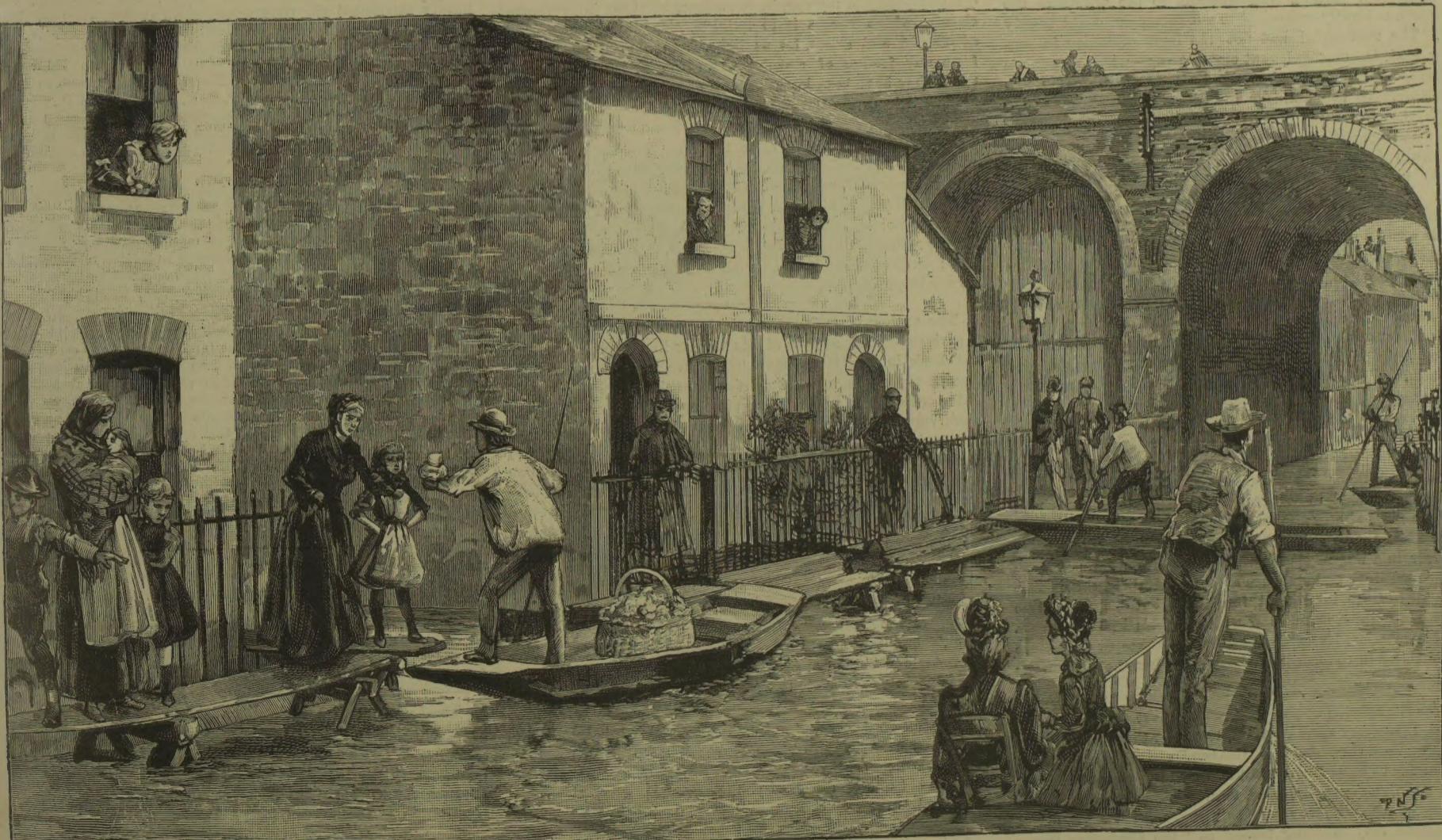
No. 2741.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

TWO : SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6d.



ON THE ETON-WICK ROAD, ETON.



GOSWELL ROAD, WINDSOR: HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

THE FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Spectator*, like the Israelite of old, clamours for meat, and a new meat; it is tired of beef and mutton, and calls for antelope. I have never eaten antelope since I dined years ago with the Acclimatisation Society, when there was everything (including *Babas à la polonaise*, thought by some to be the infants of that unhappy country), and then I thought it stringy. Friends of mine who are acquainted with it in its native pastures confirm the recollection: they tell me it is so lean that it has to be larded. Why, then, antelopes, which, moreover, like that hare of the much disputed Mrs. Glasse, are difficult to catch? Why not the camel and the dromedary, the meat of which (though one must own from the outside they look even drier than the antelope) is described by the ancients as delicious? The modern epicure confines himself, however, to their humps and heels, tit-bits which must always be expensive. The flesh of donkeys used to be held in high repute. Mecenas delighted in it, and the wild ass brought from Africa was preferred by his guests to venison. In more modern times Chancellor Dupret had asses fattened for his table. The horse, as a diet, has been pronounced a failure, but why should we not try the ass? At "Appy 'Amstead" there are legions of them, and the East-End coster (like the Arab of the desert) would doubtless be induced to part with his four-footed friend for a consideration. (What an admirable dramatic picture would be the tempting of this child of the East by some West-End club cook; while his fall and the surrender of his beloved "moke" for gain would make splendid "copy" for the Radical papers!) Plutarch tells us that the pig, "stuffed with other animals," is a great improvement upon pork pure and simple; but one would like to know (before eating this dainty dish) what animals.

Desirable as a new meat may be, it is certainly not so desiderated as a new drink—that is, of a non-alcoholic character. Beer-drinkers and wine-drinkers are only too well satisfied with the liquors which (as they say) the gods have provided, but teetotalers bitterly complain that no such provision has been made for them. If these admirable people were a little more worldly wise, they would offer a handsome reward for the discovery of some harmless, but at the same time attractive, beverage. To "cheer" is hardly to be expected of it, but some improvement might surely be made upon the usual "temperance drinks," of which only one can honestly be said to be drinkable. That one, which I need not say is water, is often very deleterious, and when filtered anything but agreeable. In these days, when prizes of £1000 are given for five lines in a penny magazine, it is curious that no reward is offered for a discovery that would benefit the teetotal cause more than all the tracts and all the lectures and all the arguments that have been advanced in its favour combined. As in the case of other great movements, there are probably more persons ready to subscribe to the faith than to its funds, for otherwise it is difficult to understand why so very obvious and certain a means of popularising it should have been so long neglected.

However excellent may be its intention, the results of the laws that concern the refreshment of the bona-fide traveller are not very satisfactory. It is a long time since I was last taken (by my grandchildren) to the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday, but I well remember the answers given by the ladies and gentlemen seeking refreshments to the questions the purveyor was legally compelled to put before he could supply them. The untruthful had not the least difficulty in procuring food, the truthful went empty away—which struck me as having a bad moral; but the humour of the scene was undeniable. To the ordinary intelligence it seemed strange enough that the relief of thirst should depend on whether those who were suffering from it had slept in a locality three miles away from the Zoological Gardens on a Saturday night or only two, or whether they come from Chelsea or Bayswater. The question of whether a member of the Church of England ought to relieve the pangs of a Dissenter becomes a sensible scruple in comparison with these topographical considerations. There was no doubt, however, in the case of the visitors to the Zoo, about their being pleasure-seekers, and not wayworn nomads—an investigation which immensely heightens the absurdity of the matter under ordinary circumstances. For example, no less than three-and-twenty persons were summoned the other day at Nantwich for the heinous offence of obtaining refreshments at Crewe, within the religious radius, they not being bona-fide travellers. Sixteen of them escaped through the meshes of the law, one upon the ground that he had come over "to meet his father-in-law" (he had not the audacity to say his mother-in-law), another "to see his sweetheart, another "for the benefit of his health," and so on. All these were held to be "good and sufficient grounds" for wanting a glass of beer; but the other seven (probably the only ones who told the truth), who honestly confessed that they had come over in a wagonette for a pleasant drive, were promptly fined two shillings and sixpence apiece. We talk of the absence of humour in "the intelligent foreigner," but one would like to have his opinion upon a law which forbids him to have a glass of beer before he has confided to the innkeeper the nature of his business in the neighbourhood and where he slept on the preceding night.

It was the opinion of an eminent personage (unhappily not deceased, though by some reported to be so) that it is "better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," and similarly many people prefer to be at the summit of very insignificant callings indeed, and those even bad ones, than remain undistinguished members of the ordinary professions. Thus we have had an American lady boasting herself as "the Champion Gum-Chewer of the World," and a gentleman of the same country as the "Greatest Living Rat-Swallower of the West"; and now, in our own land, I read that we have the "Soap-Fits King," an

ingenious individual who cultivates better than any of his fellow-creatures the art of counterfeiting epileptic fits, and thereby lays the charitable under contribution. Because these gifts do not happen to be our own is no reason for under-rating them; indeed, I have cause to estimate them highly, for in the most dreadful snowstorm that ever fell in London a cabman obstinately bent upon "knocking off for the night" was so good as to take me home because of his admiration for my peculiar talent—not, alas! as a writer, but for shooting glass balls in the air with a rifle-bullet. "Why, you're Jack Higgins, the rifle-shot!" he exclaimed. "There is not another man in England as I would do as much for!" I did not see any necessity for undeceiving him, and I am sure he thought less of the handsome fare I paid him than of the opportunity he sought and obtained, at parting, of shaking my "honoured hand." If he had taken me for "the Soap-Fits King" I should have been equally gratified, though the mistake—to judge from a late police report—would probably not have been so complimentary to my personal appearance.

It is officially stated that 4000 books were published in Russia last year, with a total circulation of twelve millions. This proves that there are no cheap books in Russia, since an average edition of 300 could not possibly pay for their publication. This news ought to console the British author for the absence of an international copyright law with that great but by no means literary country. It is a pleasant spectacle, no doubt, to see one's works translated into a foreign language, but when it so defies investigation that one cannot even make out on which of one's books the honour has been conferred, the satisfaction is but transitory.

That danger lurks in a kiss is a long-established dogma, though very little believed in by the general public; but the peril has hitherto been supposed to be confined to morals. A German professor has now discovered that the habit is dangerous from physical causes. He has counted and classified the bacteria in the human mouth, and found twenty-two distinct species. Some of these are sure to be taking the air, or promenading upon the lips, at all times, even those most sacred to the interchange of the emotions. The professor is too well acquainted with the weakness of human nature to suppose that this information will put kissing out of fashion, but he adjures those who are addicted to it to wear respirators. Good heavens!

It is reported from New York, where young men's improvement societies have long been numerous, that the principle is now to be extended to their seniors. An "Old Men's Improvement Society" is in course of formation, from which great things are expected by the sanguine—

Not always age is growth of good,  
Its years have losses with their gain;  
Against some evil youth withstand  
Its hands may strive in vain,

says the poet, and the poet is quite right. "We do not leave our vices," says the satirist, "our vices leave us." But the satirist is not so right. Some vices remain, and, what is worse, we acquire some new ones. The lecturer who takes a class of old gentlemen in hand for their moral improvement will find his work cut out for him. If it is difficult "to teach an old dog new tricks," it is still more so to induce him to forget those to which he has been so long accustomed. I cannot help having certain old gentlemen in my eye, in attendance at these improvement classes, which causes it to twinkle. The idea, however, is admirable, and arises, let us hope, from a good motive, not from any feeling of resentment in the Y.M.I.S., who may think they have been lectured long enough, and propose to see how their lecturers like it. For my part, I rather wonder it has never been started before. When one sees the shower of tracts continually falling upon the poor, it sometimes strikes one that a few leaflets distributed among the rich would be a graceful return for such attentions. In acknowledgment of the Hon. Mrs. Fineair's (of Vanity Square) gift of "The First Step in Sin; or, The Half-pint of Porter," Mrs. Starch (of Washing-House Court) might send her, for example, "Too Late; or, The Small Hours," with her best wishes and hopes for her improvement.

The author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" has been so good as to give us another sample of her talents in "Cecilia de Noël." The book is very much more attractive than the title, and, though more like a *pièce de résistance* than those little side-dishes which she has hitherto vouchsafed us, is still but one small volume. There are few who read it who will not wish it was longer. It is seldom, indeed, that good character sketches, philosophic and religious reflections, humour, and an excellent story are found in a book of 200 pages; but here they are. The lesson of charity she teaches to the bigot and of reverence to the infidel are equally edifying. The attraction of the story is very great; in fact, one finds it difficult to put the book down, and, if it tails off at the finish, one must remember that in a ghost story unexplained it is very difficult "to keep a gallop for the avenue." The *dénouement* is apparently borrowed from that of "Beauty and the Beast," but the treatment is exceedingly different. The character of Sir George Atherley, in whose house the strange events narrated are made to take place, is a masterpiece.

Another good story, of quite an opposite kind, is told us by Miss Beatrice Whitby in "One Reason Why," though I cannot say I have discovered even one reason why it should bear that title. It is the old tale of the good young governess who, after some very unpleasant experiences, at last finds her reward in the young master of the house; but it is narrated in a very bright and pleasing manner. The author describes life at a large country house as it really is, without that display of upholstery and accessories of splendour with which it is generally accompanied in fiction. The inmates are comfortable enough,

without suggesting "the lap of luxury," and, considering their income, really exceedingly affable. The character of Luttrell, the hero, is, for a lady writer, unusually well described—neither angel nor devil, but simply human. It is, to my mind, a great advance upon Miss Whitby's previous works, though "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick" was justly praised.

## HOME NEWS.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday, Oct. 25, by the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, chaplain to her Majesty, in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife afterwards visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon, which Princess Beatrice joined for the first time since her accouchement. On Oct. 26 the Queen, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by the Countess of Erroll and the Hon. Mary Hughes, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, where her Majesty had luncheon, returning to the castle in the evening.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Stanley Clarke, left Marlborough House on Oct. 26 for Newmarket, where he will remain for a few days. On Saturday, Oct. 24, the Prince attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of Trustees at the Natural History branch of the British Museum.

A pair of massive silver pilgrim bottles, 3 ft. 6 in. high, were dispatched by special courier from London to Fredensborg on Oct. 27. They represent the present of the Danish royal family and the Prince of Wales to the Czar and Czarina, on the occasion of their silver wedding, which will be celebrated on Nov. 9 next. On one side of the bottles is engraved the Imperial Russian arms, with the following inscription (in French) underneath: "For the silver wedding of Alexander III. and Marie Feodorovna Dagmar of Denmark, Emperor and Empress of Russia, Nov. 9, 1866-91." On the other side are engraved the names of the subscribers, among whom are the King and Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of the Hellenes, and the Duke of Cumberland. The Princess of Wales has gone to Russia to be present at the celebration.

The Royal Naval Exhibition was closed on Saturday, Oct. 24, after the Prince of Wales had inspected the men of the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines, and expressed his satisfaction with their conduct and the part they had taken in contributing to the success of the undertaking.

Lord and Lady Salisbury are settled at Hatfield House for the next six months, and they will entertain a succession of visitors there until the meeting of Parliament. Lord Salisbury came to town from Hatfield on Oct. 27, and was engaged at the Foreign Office for several hours. In the course of the afternoon he had interviews with the Italian Ambassador and Senhor de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister. Late in the evening Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, visited the Marquis of Salisbury, who afterwards returned to Hatfield.

Mr. Balfour, addressing a great meeting at Bury on Oct. 23, said he believed the alliance between the Conservative and the Liberal Unionist Parties had been and would be the salvation of the British Empire. On the following day the right hon. gentleman opened a Conservative club at Accrington.

Mr. Goschen has been indisposed, but is better and has left town for his country seat, Seacox Heath, Kent, to recruit his strength. The right hon. gentleman will deliver his inaugural address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on Nov. 19. The following evening he will be entertained at a banquet, at which the Marquis of Hartington is also expected to be present.

The Irish battle is being conducted with singular ferocity. On Oct. 26 the offices of the *National Press*, the official organ of the Nationalists, were damaged by an explosion of an extremely violent character. The substance used is supposed to be dynamite or some other powerful and deadly explosive, though the rival Nationalist organ, the *Freeman*, unkindly attributed the occurrence to an escape of gas. The general opinion, however, is that the atrocious act is due to an extreme section of the Parnellite party, whose language has on occasions been of a very questionable character. Mr. Davitt will not stand for North Kilkenny, and in Cork there are three candidates—Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., for the Parnellites; Mr. Flavin, a local merchant, for the Nationalists; and Captain Sarsfield for the Unionists. The contest is being conducted with great bitterness between the two sections of the Nationalist party.

Mr. Justice Hawkins took his seat upon the bench on Oct. 27 to proceed with the trial of common jury causes. Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., before business was commenced, asked permission to say how glad the members of the Bar were to see that the learned judge was restored to health and strength. Mr. Justice Hawkins replied that he was much obliged to the members of the Bar for their good wishes, though he feared that they were stronger than he deserved.

Two schoolboys, aged respectively ten and twelve, were brought up at the Croydon Borough Police Court on Oct. 27, charged with having placed two iron chairs and an iron fish-plate on the metals of the London and Brighton Railway at Croydon, with intent to endanger the lives of passengers. A detective-sergeant put in a statement by one of the boys, from which it appeared that he tried to dissuade the other boy from placing the obstacles on the line, but that he insisted on it, and said he should go home, look out of his back window, and see the train thrown off. It appeared, however, that both prisoners subsequently confessed to putting the obstructions on the rails. The boys were remanded in custody.

The Speaker of the House of Commons distributed the prizes won by the students of the Burnley Mechanics' Institute on Oct. 21. He commended such institutes for the part they had taken in promoting technical education, which, however, he believed would soon be taken up by the State. At the same time it was desirable that not too strictly utilitarian a view of technical instruction should be adopted. That institute had an excellent library, and he advised its members to choose their own reading, and not be guided by anybody's list of the "best hundred books."

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs visited St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, on Oct. 25, to witness the presentation of addresses to the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark. The former Bishop, in reply, dwelt upon the work which lies before them in the poor localities surrounding the edifice in which they were assembled. The Bishop of Southwark also acknowledged the address.

The barque *Charlwood* was, early on the morning of Oct. 25, run down by the steamer *Boston* off the Eddystone Light-house, and fifteen lives were lost, including Captain Hiscock, with his wife and son. The captain's daughter was saved. All the persons drowned had got into a boat, but this was capsized as the *Charlwood* sank.

## SATIRISTS ON LADIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Very little good, as far as a limited experience of life teaches one, ever comes of upbraiding the fair sex. The old Hebrew prophets took up their parable against earrings and wimples, and a number of other ornaments, which may, perhaps, have been unbecoming, though I only wish that the Palestine Exploration Society could unearth a few of them. But that is unlikely : the brooches and ouches and anklets were all carried away, with their wearers, into Babylonian captivity. Yet this was not the proper and inevitable consequence of the exaggerated jewellery to which Semitic ladies have been and are so prone. Jerusalem did not fall because her women were overdressed, but because of political complications and a spirited foreign policy. Placed between Assyria and Egypt—like Afghanistan between Russia and England—the Jews were certain to be conquered and carried captive. Dress had nothing to do with the matter, and, after all, who supposes that the scoldings of Isaiah affected the fashions in Jerusalem? Scolding is quite an ineffectual method of conversion. From the beginning preachers have inveighed against rouge and false hair and the unloveliness of love-locks. People listen, and elderly persons say, "Alas, too true!" and the sinners go on with their offences. You may carry them to Babylon, or guillotine them, but you cannot convert them. "Force is no remedy"—when it is not used by the party to which we chance to belong. And satire offers no temptation to a virtuous life.

These reflections are suggested by Mrs. Lynn Linton's strictures on "Wild Women" in one of the magazines. I fear Mrs. Lynn Linton has not pondered on the ill success of Isaiah, and the denouncers of love-locks, and Juvenal, a most vigorous satirist, who probably never made a convert. If women are to be "flying" at all, as we say in Scotch, no doubt it is best that a woman should be the flyer. We men, as Montaigne observes, do well to keep apart from those matters of female government. Indeed, as to several points in Mrs. Lynn Linton's sermons, what can one say? One cannot leap into the arena and defend political ladies, except by hinting that they seem quite as honest, fair, and courageous as political men. I have heard that in committees of women they do not waste so much time as men do in idle talk "about it, and about it": they could not well waste more. However, to political ladies one would say, "Energetic sisters, take my share of the franchise; take it, keep it, and, like Mr. Moddle's knife, 'may it make you happier than ever it did me!'" Then there are the racing ladies, who talk about "oof" and the odds, conduct which makes one shudder, I admit. But "flying" them will never convert them; wiser it were to show them that men do not like them any the better for their slang, and detest having betting transactions with them. For it is no pleasure to win a lady's money, and they do not invariably pay when they lose. They are not agreeable people; they are peculiarly disagreeable people; but we cannot move them an inch by telling them so in print, while the assertion, to the rest of the world, is a truism. Then there be the ladies who shoot, who fish, who travel to the ends of the earth, and come back with a volume of remarks on the rapacity of certain insects. About all of those we may say that, after all, they are not very numerous. Some of the travellers (as their censor admits) have added to knowledge, and have written unaffected and instructive books. The shooting and fishing dames are comparatively scarce, and Mr. William Black has endeavoured to prove that the feminine angler need not necessarily be a monster of iniquity. As a rule, she dreads nothing so much as a bite, which she very seldom gets. A young woman who casts adroitly with a light trout-rod is a graceful object, and she so very rarely hooks a trout that we can hardly call hers a cruel pastime. I have heard of a lady who caught a trout in the Houghton water, and the legend may be true, but it is most improbable. The successful lady salmon-fishers may be numbered on the fingers of two hands, and, even if their courses be evil, they are hardly worth powder and shot. At least, their pastime is healthy, and teaches temper and patience.

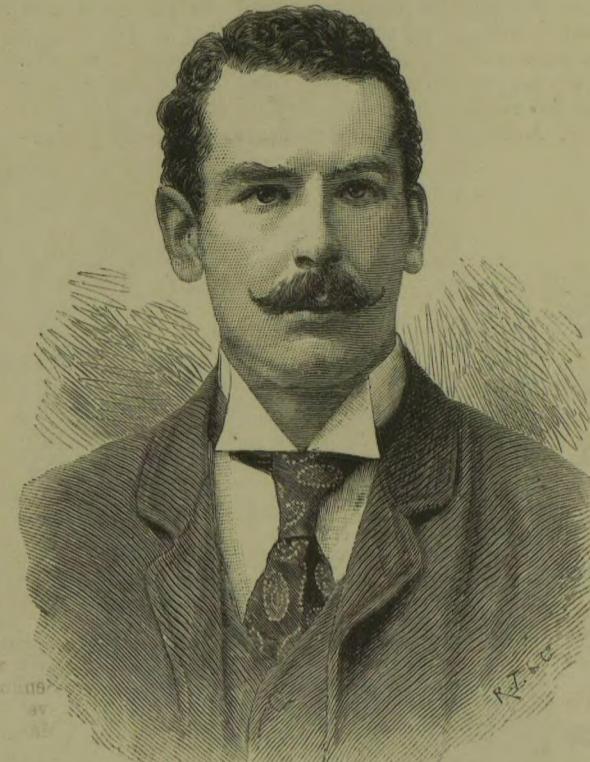
It is another matter when we come to ladies who play a kind of golf or a kind of cricket. In their performances I am not all unlearned. Ever so many years ago, I took part in, perhaps, the first foursome with lady partners that ever was played at St. Andrews. I saw nobody get unbecomingly red and damp, to which Mrs. Lynn Linton very properly objects, because golf is not a violent game of running and jumping. The exploit, however, was condemned by public opinion. But we were only in advance of the age. This year has seen the world-renowned Tom Morris playing in a foursome with ladies, but nobody was damp, and nobody was redder than the red red rose of the ballad. In winter, when the links are not crowded, some ladies do play a quiet round, often before the men come out, early in the morning. It is hard to see how any moralist can seriously object to a four-miles' walk on the grass, varied by efforts to hit a small ball. Very few women attempt the orthodox, "swing" which affrights Mrs. Lynn Linton, but when they do, the action is graceful, though I admit that the ball seldom travels far. As a rule, girls are content with a half-shot, an action in no manner violent or discomposing. But ladies' golf mainly consists of putting, which is just as unbecomingly furious as croquet. That is the truth about ladies' golf: their presence makes it impossible to indulge in unseemly language about one's luck, and, as long as they keep off crowded links, they take healthy exercise, and do no mortal any harm. Ladies' golf is, as Lockhart says about the science of philology, "an elegant pursuit." But I speak of golf in her ancient and royal seat of St. Andrews; perhaps there are places where it becomes a kind of hockey. Ladies' cricket is a very old game. There is an engraving of Miss Wicket published about 1770. There is this objection to the sport, that the ball is hard, and that, if ladies hit severely and bowl fast, the game would be extremely dangerous. But women are no Thorntons or Lohmanns. Playing among themselves, they seem to myself no more "wild" and masculine than the peerless maid Nausicaa was when she played ball with the girls of her company. When women play with men, the men only use the left hand, though even left-handed they may be dangerous to a girlish point or short leg. However, one has never yet seen an accident, though one has seen ladies field admirably and hit slow bowling pretty hard. There appeared to be nothing unseemly in the performance, and nothing unbecomingly hot in the aspect of the fair players. But perhaps cricket with a soft ball and a stump for a bat is the better sport for ladies. Very good fun it is; nobody can get hurt, and the innings are too short to be fatiguing. Even an old prophet might have looked on without fulminating anathemas. As to ladies who paint and draw a little, even if it be on pottery, should we denounce them? They are not nearly so bad as those who play the piano: now, there is a real subject for the most glowing eloquence. On the whole, modern girls seem healthier, stronger, and not less good and modest than girls who never handled a putter, or the division of a cricket-field knew, more than a spinster of 1300 A.D. Mary Stuart played golf, but that was not the cause of her misfortunes. Finally,

the aberrations of the fair must be cured, if at all, by gentle means, and not by the pen of a Juvenal, if such a pen were at the service of an editor. But we go on as we always have gone on: we let indignation make verses, or articles, and never a soul is a bit the better, while some, like the groom who was asked in confession if he ever greased the horses' teeth to prevent them from eating their corn, say, "No, I never did; but I will."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. FREDERICK SMITH, M.P.

The contested election for the Strand Division of London, rendered vacant by the death of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, has excited a certain degree of local interest, although



MR. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P. FOR THE STRAND.

Dr. Gutteridge, the candidate of the Gladstonian party, could scarcely be expected to win the seat. The Conservative candidate, Mr. William Frederick Danvers Smith, usually called Mr. Frederick Smith, is a young man hitherto untried in political life, but has some personal claims on the goodwill of his neighbours in the Strand as the only son of their esteemed late representative. He was born Aug. 12, 1868, entered Eton in 1882, and rowed in the College Eight four years later, becoming second captain of boats in 1887. In the same year he went to Oxford, entering New College, where he remained till 1890. Since leaving Oxford, Mr. Smith has made a tour of the world. He became a partner in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son in January 1890, and since returning to England in March last has been actively engaged in the conduct of the business. He made an excellent impression on the Strand electorate, his speeches being modest in tone, well delivered, and not without a certain clearness and promise of future ability.

The contest was carried on in the quietest possible manner, and at the close of the poll the ballot-boxes were conveyed to



STATUE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., AT ROCHDALE.

the St. James's Vestry Hall, Piccadilly, and the result made known about ten o'clock—

Mr. W. F. D. Smith (Conservative)	..	..	4952
Dr. Gutteridge (Gladstonian)	..	..	1946
Conservative majority	..	..	3006

In 1885 the Conservative majority was 3546, and in 1886 3159. The numbers were received with cheers and groans by a crowd of about a thousand people. Mr. Smith appeared at the window, but did not attempt to address the crowd.

## THE FLOODS OF THE THAMES.

The continuance of heavy rains in many parts of the South of England caused extensive floods in the week ending with Oct. 24, and in the valley of the Thames, from Eton and Windsor down to Hampton Court, their disturbing effects were very inconvenient. The Eton-Wick Road, Goswell Road, Arthur Road, Oxford Road, and other Windsor thoroughfares were under water on the Saturday; and much discomfort was endured by the dwellers in the lower parts of the town. A number of workmen were employed, under the direction of the Mayor, erecting stages in various parts of the town for the accommodation of the flooded householders, while the flood was still rising, and rain was falling. The river was swollen and turbulent, and considerable damage was done to adjoining property. All the small islands between Hampton and Kingston, used in summer for picnic parties, and the gardens of the residences on the banks, were submerged. The new boat-houses on the Hampton Court bank, and the gardens and lawn of the Mitre Hotel, were completely under water, the river swans swimming about where they had never been before. The sewage works at Kingston have been greatly affected by the rains.

The most extraordinary change of scene was displayed in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead, where the view looking south, from the railway-bridge, was that of an immense sheet of water, amid which rose the tops of the trees, hedge-rows, and bay-ricks; while nearer, on the river bank, the villa gardens were flooded and encumbered with timber rubbish brought down by the turbid stream, which was behaving very unlike the usually tranquil and majestic Thames. Much damage was seen in going through the town, past the Town-hall, and towards the bridge, above which are the series of islands and eyots which extend above Boulters Lock to the woods of Cliveden. The water on the road approaching the bridge was up to the axle-wheels of carts and the breasts of horses. The Mayor of Maidenhead chartered a number of fishing punts to convey the inhabitants to the cottages that were surrounded by water, and to keep up traffic upon highways that had become rivers. There were men and women being punted into their own back-yards; and in some cottages all the inmates had been driven upstairs, and were surveying the scene with doleful visages from the upper windows. So far as is known, there has been no loss of human life.

It is not surprising to parents of Eton boys that they have received letters from their sons describing the condition of the place, and hinting at the expediency of allowing them to come home till this watery visitation has subsided. The mother of an ingenuous youth in the Lower School has got a letter, which appears in the daily newspapers, in which he argues that "it is absolutely impossible to play football, as all the fields are several feet under water, the playing fields included. The only walk we have got left is to the park. There is nothing to do, as I cannot even get to the workshop on account of the water, which has flooded Williams's house, and all the boys are going home to-morrow. Durnford's boys have to go to school and chapel in a punt, and the water is still rising. They say there are two more feet of water coming from Oxford, through the sluices having broken, and then the water will be all over Eton. The rafts at Parkins's are quite under water, and it is almost over Barnes Pool Bridge. In fact, it is possible we may be driven by the water, or by the unhealthiness when the floods go down, to go home, if it is possible then to get to the station, which I much doubt. There is about one foot of water already in my tutor's cellar, and it already has almost reached the new Lower Chapel. It has flooded the old Lower one some time ago, so it was lucky the new one was built. The people go to Windsor along the arches; and it has been raining hard all this afternoon. Service was held at 3 p.m. instead of 5 p.m. this afternoon, as they were afraid the water would be up to it by then." Happily, the weather on Wednesday, Oct. 28, when this letter was published, gave fair promise of a cessation of the heavy rains, and it was to be hoped that there would be no interruption of Eton studies—and football!

## THE JOHN BRIGHT STATUE AT ROCHDALE.

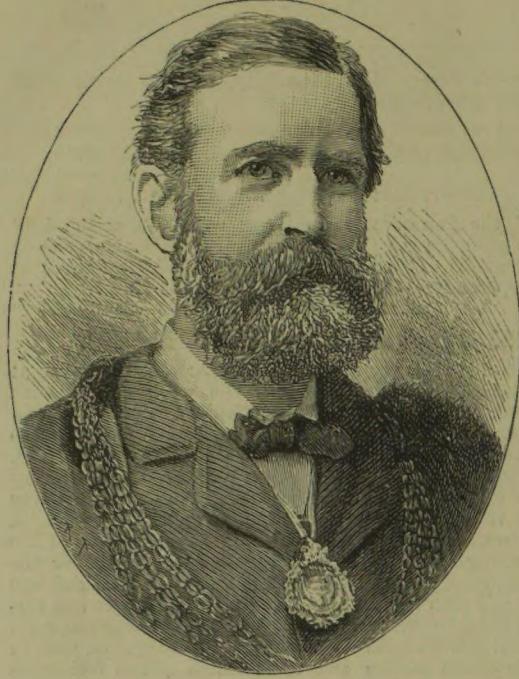
Mr. John Morley unveiled, on Oct. 24, a statue of John Bright, erected at Rochdale Townhall Square by his old fellow-townsmen to commemorate the statesman's lifelong association with the place. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft was the sculptor, and the statue cost about £2000. Mr. John Morley, the biographer and friend of Bright, passed a fervid and polished eulogy of his character and career, which contrasts usefully with the more measured estimate of Lord Derby, who was also an admirer of Mr. Bright. Mr. Morley finely describes the essence of Bright's oratory as a "moral fervour beating like a pulse under the array of spoken words, warming political objects into moral objects, and sending a current of moral ideas, like a Gulf Stream, enriching political discussion, nourishing it, and making it alive." Mr. Bright's strenuous oratorical methods and rather brusque treatment of those who differed from him was very happily touched off in the remark that Mr. Bright had "a splendid spirit of contention," and that he did not quite obey the apostolic injunction to "suffer fools gladly." In conclusion, Mr. Morley summed up John Bright as a man of "unshaken firmness of character, a faithful, enlightened, and unselfish citizen, and a great and famous pleader for the good causes of mankind."

## THE NEW CRUISER, BLAKE.

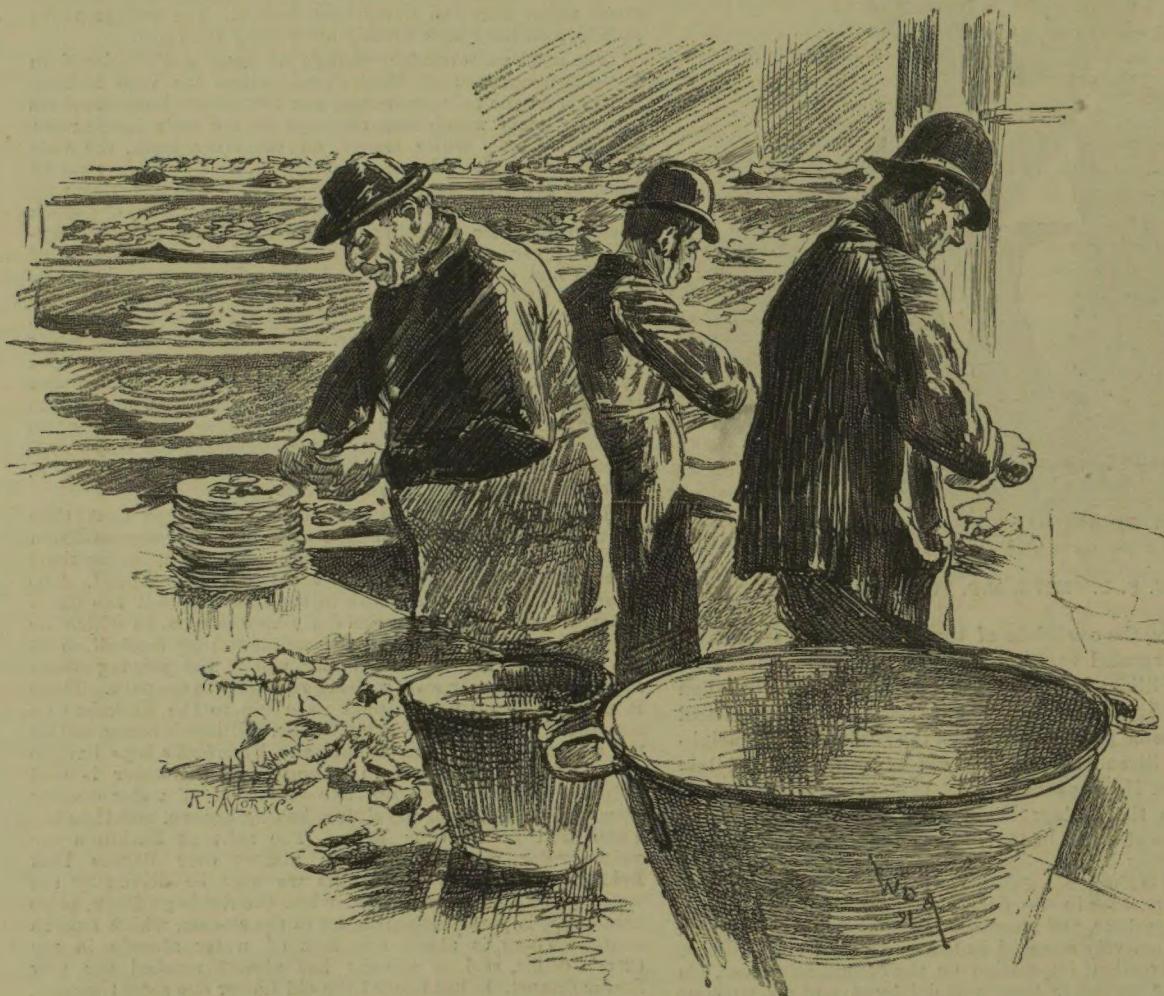
This ship, a useful addition to the British Navy, was launched at Chatham Dockyard in November 1889. She is constructed of steel; her dimensions are 375 ft. length, 65 ft. width, and 25 ft. 9 in. depth; displacement of water, 9000 tons. Her deck only has protecting steel armour-plates, 3 in. thick in the centre, 6 in. thick at the side slopes, and 3 in. thick at the ends. The engines, by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field, are of 20,000-horse power altogether, working twin screw-propellers, and giving a speed of twenty-two knots an hour; she carries 1800 tons of coal. The armament consists of two breech-loading 22-ton guns, of 9½ in. calibre; ten quick-firing five-ton guns, of 6 in. calibre; and sixteen quick-firing three-pounder guns, with seven machine-guns. The recent speed trials, at sea, of the Blake and the Blenheim, a sister ship built by contract at Blackwall, were highly satisfactory; these are the largest vessels of their class yet built.

## THE COLCHESTER OYSTER FEAST.

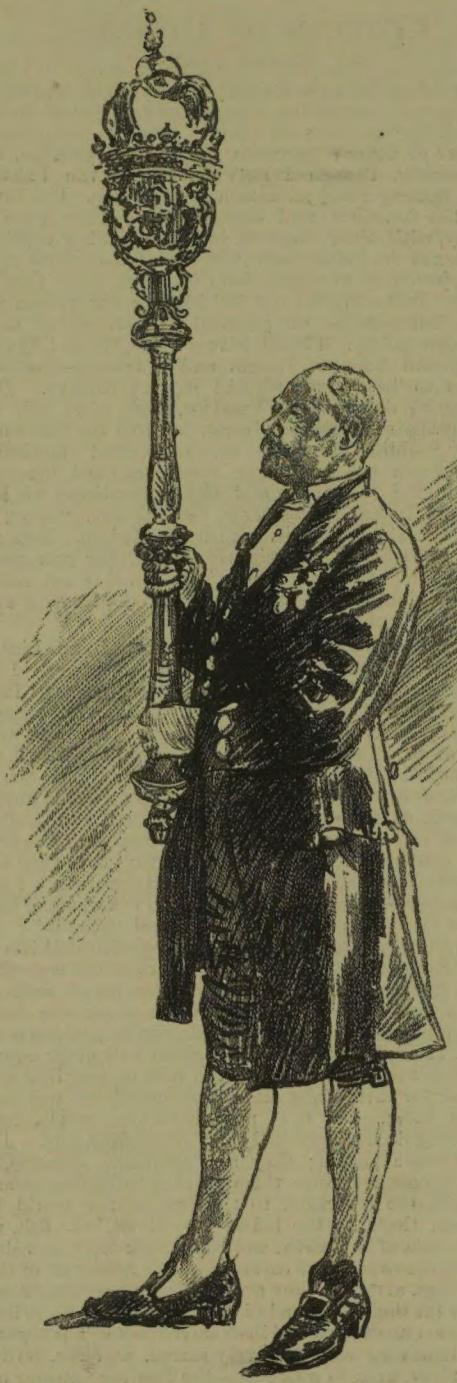
The annual festivity of the Colchester municipal corporation, previous to the opening of the oyster season, took place on Thursday, Oct. 22, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. L. J. Watts, in the Corn Exchange of that town. The oysters of the Colne and neighbouring inlets of the Essex coast were appreciated by luxurious Romans, in the imperial city, as highly as those of Rutupiæ, near Sandwich, mentioned in the satires of Juvenal. The local fishery, under the control of the Colchester municipality and magistracy, with a board of management partly elected by the dredgers, extends to St. Osyth, Brightlingsea, Alresford, Wyvenhoe, East Mersea, Langenhoe, Fingringhoe, and East Donyland, but the river Colne is one of the best "spatting" grounds for the production of "natives," and Pyfleck Creek one of the best fattening grounds. An interesting treatise, by Mr. Henry Laver, on the history, the nature, and the position of this important local industry was printed for distribution among the guests at this feast, which was attended, as usual, by many gentlemen directly engaged in the fishery or in the oyster trade. The repast consisted mainly of oysters served in their shells, with plenty of bread and butter, and good wine, after such favourable food, was well relished. Among the guests, numbering about two hundred, were Lord Brooke, M.P. for Colchester; Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P.; Mr. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., Recorder of Colchester; Major-



MR. L. J. WATTS, MAYOR OF COLCHESTER.

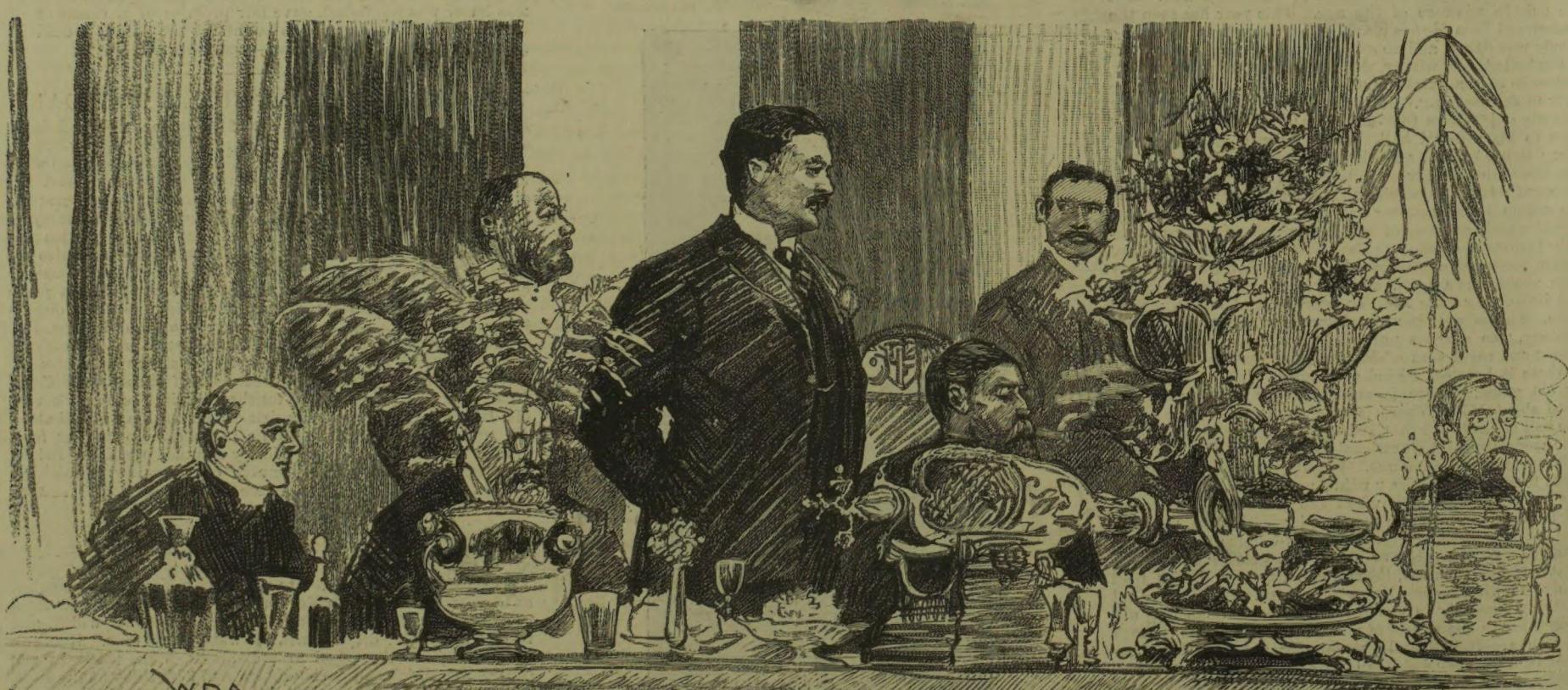


OPENING THE OYSTERS.



THE TOWN SERJEANT CONDUCTING THE GUESTS TO DINNER.

General Buchanan, C.B., commanding the Eastern District; the Bishop of Colchester; the Mayors of Chelmsford, Cambridge, Maldon, Harwich, and Sudbury. The feast was both wholesome and agreeably enlivened by cheerful speeches on appropriate toasts. Our Artist's Illustrations present a memorial of several of its peculiar features, with portraits of the Mayor and Lord Brooke. It may be observed that the borough of Colchester has possessed rights over the oyster fishery, by royal charter, during seven centuries past.



LORD BROOKE SPEAKING AT THE DINNER.

THE COLCHESTER OYSTER FEAST.



## PERSONAL.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales has, by a unanimous and enthusiastic vote, called to its secretariat the

Rev. Alexander Mackennal, B.A., D.D., of Bowdon. As minister of one of the most important Free Churches in the kingdom, Dr. Mackennal will find it no easy matter to sever a connection of some fourteen years, that he may follow his friend Dr. Hannay as Secretary of the Congregational Union, the most important office in that communion. Dr. Mackennal is a native of Cornwall. In 1853 he was ordained at Burton-on-Trent to the Congregational ministry, his subsequent pastorates being Surbiton and Leicester before removing to Bowdon. In 1886 he was elected to the chair of the Congregational Union, and in the following year received the degree of D.D. from Glasgow University.

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Wallis, whose portrait appeared in this journal a few weeks back, upon his retirement from his post of senior keeper of the art collections of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Wallis was born at Wolverhampton in 1811.

M. Alphonse Daudet, whose play "Numa Roumestan," founded on the novel bearing that name, was played for the first time the other day in Paris, is working hard at what will probably be his best and final novel, for the author of "Tartarin de Tarascon" has declared it to be his intention to give up literary work after next year. M. Daudet's personal appearance has undergone great changes during the last two years. The long silky dark hair which made him a strangely marked figure among his Parisian *compagnons* of the pen at any notable theatrical or social function, has become comparatively scanty and grey. Over-work, of a severe and prolonged nature, has been the undoing of the man sometimes styled "the French Dickens." Daudet had a hard time of it when he first came to Paris from the south, some thirty years ago. His story of "Jack" is mainly autobiographical, but the best account of the novelist's early struggles will be found in "Vingt Ans de Paris."

Alphonse Daudet's working life is most methodically arranged. Like his intimate friend Zola, all his writing is done between 9 and 12 a.m. He is an ever-observant student of human nature—indeed many of his "creations" are said to be only too life-like portraits of prominent Parisian personalities. Daudet has never allowed his name to be put up as a candidate for the French Academy, and in "L'Immortel" (one of the Forty) may be seen the profound dislike and contempt borne by its author to the greatest literary institution in the world. M. Daudet will, however, form part of the Académie de Goncourt, should he be fortunate enough to survive the celebrated novelist bearing that name. Daudet is kind and helpful to young writers. He makes something like five thousand pounds out of every new story he writes. His eldest son, Léon, was married last year to Victor Hugo's granddaughter Jeanne, and bids fair also to make a mark in contemporary literature. Madame Julia Daudet, the novelist's wife, has written latterly at her husband's dictation all his correspondence and much of his composition.

M. Léon Harmel is, after Comte Albert de Mun, the best-known Catholic Liberal in France. To his energy and initiative was due the organisation of the workmen's pilgrimages to Rome which have just had such a disastrous ending, and he is the most popular mediator between masters and men in the French commercial world. Born some five-and-fifty years ago, at Reims, M. Harmel, together with his sons, owns and conducts a great factory devoted to the production of woven goods on lines somewhat akin to what is called "Christian Socialism." Most of M. Harmel's leisure is spent in spreading his views far and wide by means of speeches and pamphlets. In Paris M. Harmel founded, some time since, a "Fraternal Union of Commerce and Industry," which is already bearing good fruit. Cardinal Manning has corresponded with M. Harmel, and the efficacy of his system is at last being acknowledged by some of the most prominent social economists on the Continent.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has secured yet another success in the revised version of "Joan of Arc," at the Gaiety Theatre. Thanks in no small measure to the Lord Chamberlain's tenderness for Lord Randolph Churchill, the house is being crowded night after night by an enthusiastic audience, which brings Mr. Roberts on again and again for the several verses of "Jack the Dandy," or as it ran in the original version, "Randy Pandy," the clever satire upon Lord Randolph's visit to Mashonaland for the *Daily Graphic*, which "Adrian Ross," otherwise Mr. A. R. Ropes, has written for the amusement of Gaiety audiences.

M. Paderewski is spending a busy week in London prior to his departure for America. He reappeared in the Metropolis, after an absence of four months, on Tuesday, Oct. 27, when he gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall. So many people were turned away on that occasion that a second and farewell recital was immediately arranged for Tuesday, Nov. 3, the day

before M. Paderewski sails. The famous Polish *virtuoso* was announced to play one of Chopin's pianoforte concertos at the first London Symphony Concert on Oct. 29; also to take part in the opening Monday Popular Concert of the season. His popularity in our midst has beyond a doubt increased enormously. The recital tour in the provinces, which M. Paderewski has just completed, has been a remarkable success, while in London he now draws larger crowds than any pianist who has visited us since Rubinstein.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Our portraits of Mr. John Ruskin and Mr. W. E. H. Lecky are from photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; that of Mr. F. Smith, by Mr. Faber, of San Francisco; that of Mr. Joseph, by G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne; that of Dr. Mackennal, by Messrs. Martin and Sallnow; and that of Mr. Edward Terry, by Sarony, of Scarborough.

## M. ALPHONSE DAUDET AND "LE RÊVE."

"Le Rêve," the opera given at Covent Garden on Oct. 29, is by M. Alfred Bruneau, the youngest of the French musicians who have acquired distinction. M. Alfred Bruneau is only thirty-five, and "Le Rêve," his second work, will before long have been played in five great European cities—Paris, London, Brussels, Berlin, and Florence. M. Bruneau is of medium height; the face is small, and set forth with beard and moustache. The moustache is light, the beard is closely cropped, to the very skin, and on the chin it ends in a sharp point, which the long, thin, artistic hand twists when it is not engaged in settling the *pince-nez* on the small nose in front of the brown, penetrating eyes. There is a falsetto ring in the voice which suits the entire eagerness of the man; yet the voice is suasive and agreeable. M. Bruneau is a vivacious talker, and without difficulty he can be led into speaking of his contemporaries, and his criticisms are impulsive, subtle, and discriminating. Like every true Parisian artist, he is always passing judgment on something or someone; in other words, always occupied with his art. To see him hurrying back to his hotel through Leicester Square, when rehearsal is over, is sufficient to suggest an artistic personality to one accustomed to note and to analyse the phenomena of the street. The eye of the street-farer follows the spare, scant figure, tightly buttoned in a long brown overcoat, threading through the dull, nonchalant crowd with rapid steps, pausing from time to time to think, as the man's wont is who is haunted by an idea.

M. Bruneau never had any other thought but music. His childhood is made up exclusively of musical memories—the first time he heard this piece of music, and the day he succeeded in playing that piece—and quite naturally the chief date in such a life was when he entered the Conservatoire, henceforth vowed to a musical career. In 1874, when he was seventeen, he took the first prize for the violoncello, and in 1881 the Prix de Rome. But always his desire had turned towards the stage, and abandoning symphonic work, he wrote "Kérine," an opera in three acts. But how did he come to write "Le Rêve"? The tale is a simple one. Struck by the decoration and religious mysticism of "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," he asked of M. Zola permission to make use of the novel for the book of an opera. M. Zola replied that many years ago he had given the book to M. Massenet, who, however, seemed to have abandoned all idea of writing an opera on the subject; and, authorised by M. Zola, M. Bruneau went to M. Massenet and begged him to surrender his rights in the book. The old story of the dog in the manger. Although he had made up his mind not to write the opera, M. Massenet was not willing that anyone else should, and he declined to relinquish his rights in the book. This was a great disappointment to M. Bruneau; so Zola, who is always kindness itself, said, "Never mind, I am writing another novel dealing with religious mysticism. You shall have that, and I myself will supply the scenario; but you must get someone to versify it."

And so it was settled, even before "Le Rêve" was written, that M. Bruneau was to write the opera. He worked at the score unceasingly for two years, satisfying himself and M. Zola; but, owing to the unconventional nature of the book, it was found almost impossible to persuade a manager to produce the work. There are only five characters; the time is the present day, modern dress is therefore essential, and—greatest difficulty of all!—there is no chorus. Owing, however, to the great name of M. Zola, M. Carvalho consented to produce the work at the Opéra Comique, where it achieved an immediate and uncontested triumph. The story of the novel is well known. It tells of a young girl who has been brought up by some vestment-makers in a cathedral town. All she knows are the legends she embroiders—legends of saints and miracles. She hears voices and sees visions. She is loved by and she loves the archbishop's son; but the archbishop will not consent to his son's marriage with a poor girl. Angélique pines away, and she is said to be dead, when the archbishop, yielding to his son's solicitations, consents to leave the matter in the hands of God. "If God wishes it, I will wish it." On those words, he takes the lifeless hand in his, and, lo! the girl rises from her bed, recalled, as it were, from death to life. The last chapter is the description of Angélique's marriage; and we all know how, on the summit of happiness, when she gives her lips for the first time to her husband, she passes away in the little breath of a kiss. But this scene, although it exists in the score, is omitted in the acting version. It was found to be impossible on the stage, and at the last moment was taken out. And so it happens that the great originality of this opera was due to accident. Only artists know how much every work, great and small, owes to accident. How convincingly, for instance, Coleridge argues that the scene with the porter, between the two murders, in "Macbeth" was the result of accident!

The opera is a music-drama. There are neither songs nor duos nor trios, but an uninterrupted flow of melody. The five characters chant the story, and the orchestra comments upon it. In the first scene, in the house of the vestment-makers, when Angélique sees the vision, it is the orchestra that tells what she sees. Wagner transformed and re-created music, therefore the influence of Wagner must be felt in all music worthy of the name; the employment of *leit-motif* is henceforth a necessity, but the manner in which it is employed is infinite, and so far only as he is of to-day and not of yesterday can M. Bruneau be said to be a Wagnerite. His music is essentially French, and its root will be found rather in Berlioz than in Wagner. Wagner was a romanticist; Bruneau, so far as his art will allow him, is a realist. His first thought is always how to characterise, and he intends to push characterisation in music to its furthest limits. M. Zola will furnish him with the book of his next opera, and it will be written from end to end in prose. The possibility of writing an opera in prose gave rise to a great deal of discussion when it was first mooted. M. Bruneau declares that verse only embarrasses him, and that he never feels the want of rhyme or metre.



THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL.

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## "THE TIMES," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Pinero is a dramatic wizard. He is as enigmatical as the Sphinx. Indeed, he is never so happy as when he is setting one of his interesting and intricate puzzles. "The Times" is the last, in some respects the cleverest, in others the most perplexing of his stage studies. Unlike most authors, Mr. Pinero seems to have a righteous horror of being understood. His brother dramatists bound away and cry "Follow my leader!" but Mr. Pinero makes a pretence of leading the chase, and gives a hearty chuckle when his luckless followers are floundering in a bog. When he has been clear and comprehensible, it is not too much to say that this brilliant writer has been the most successful. A child could understand "Sweet Lavender." It was not a puzzle or a paradox; it was a poem.

MR. EDWARD TERRY.



HOWARD: "I'm young married English gentleman—with Uni—university education!"

Again, when this curious and many-sided man gives himself up to pure farce and obvious extravagance, no one with the slightest sense of humour would own himself baffled. To argue that "The Magistrate" and "Dandy Dick" were farcical puzzles would be to own to an invincible stupidity. But it is a different matter when we come to "Low Water" and "Lady Bountiful," and in a measure to "The Profligate" and "The Hobby Horse." Here Mr. Pinero's satire and sentiment are perpetually at loggerheads. They refuse to run in double harness.

We have all of us often met at a dinner-table an exceptionally clever man who can hold his own by tilting at conventional truths, but doing so absolutely without conviction. His mission is to destroy faith in everything. It does not matter whether it is religion, or the Constitution, or love, or Shakspere. He is dead against accepted faith and the sworn enemy of social dogma. His brilliancy carries the hour. The man of sentiment, of reverence, and of faith is nowhere when the brilliant iconoclast has the public ear, for it is so much easier to destroy than to defend. A minute can mar what a century can make. But the effect of such brilliancy, however dazzling, is extremely transitory. It attracts, but it does not last. We have been astounded with the ingenious paradox; but when we return home the old faiths renew their ascendancy, the old truths become clear again, the old reverence returns, and we ask ourselves, "Is the world, after all, so bad as this; is Society as rotten as it is represented to be; is human nature so utterly vile; and have the old faiths so entirely died out?" Some such thoughts cannot fail to present themselves after witnessing "The Times." Mr. Pinero is the brilliant conversationalist at the dinner-table, and he holds his own. The satirist and the pessimist are always sure of a good audience, and they succeed in proportion to their oratorical violence and their epigrammatic brilliancy. Mr. Pinero as a satirist—if, indeed, he intends to be a satirist, and is not "winking the other eye"—is uncompromising in his severity. He does not mince matters. He fills the stage with disagreeable people, and assaults the ear with scathing satire. Not only man but



BOMPAS: "Calm yourself, calm yourself! Don't let them think we're honoured."

woman also is vile. The linen-draper politician is not only a snob, but a heartless snob. His innate vulgarity is not relieved by a gleam of tenderness. His sole ambition is to be revenged on the enemies who insult and ridicule him. The pride of his life is ambition, but ambition secured by treading on the necks of his enemies. A more unamiable wretch than Egerton-Bompas never lived, a more inhuman being never existed. Even the gentle tenderness of his misguided wife only secures her a pat—never a kiss of friendship or love. His son is even a more degraded specimen of humanity—irredeemable, worthless, dead to shame, dead to honour, uncivilised by a University career, bestial, brutal, unfilial, and drunk. If Society degrades the father, certain it is that no family ties can convert the son even to decency. And then the friends of Egerton-Bompas, M.P.! Behold one Montague Trimble, the toady and social tout, who sponges on his friends, and whose code of social honour is want of heart and of sympathy with the feelings of others, who gives advice in order to line his own pockets, and has a supreme contempt for his wretched victims! Behold Miss Cazalet, a woman of birth and breeding, who turns herself into an advertisement canvasser for a trumpery journal, who fawns for a dinner, and libels in order to gratify her personal spleen on a social rival! Behold the Irish legislator, who obtains subscriptions to a patriotic fund by the levy of what looks uncommonly like blackmail, and who proves in his person that politicians are as dishonest as promoted tradesmen! Behold the high-born lady of birth and breeding, whose sole object in life is to revenge herself on her enemies!

And in this "dirty crew" of adventurers, adventuresees, blacklegs, and blackmailers where do we find the consoling contrast? In one good wife who is dragged through the mire of Society and comes out unstained, in one good girl who refuses to have social mud flung at her, in one honourable youth who disagrees with the spirit of the age and knows where purity and truth are to be found. These characters are, for the most part, insignificant, and cannot make headway against the types of evil. The result of the study is not confidence or hope, but suspicion and distrust. There is much, very much truth in what Mr. Pinero tells us; but in his endeavour to be a satirist has he not overstated his case? From his point of view, his exposition of evil is crushing; but has he been fair to human nature? Is there nothing else to be said on the other side? Some of us feel so, as we rise from our seats and realise the position. We have been dazzled by the brilliancy of Pinero, not convinced by the truth of his advocacy. We have been listening to an exceptionally clever man, but could have wished he were not so cruel or so

blind. But perhaps even I am taking Mr. Pinero too seriously. After all, he may be "winking the other eye." He may be only laughing in his sleeve when he pretends to be either serious or sentimental. Has anyone ever found out what he is about? He is a humorist; but then he is a man of mystery. He is the Sphinx in the Egyptian desert. There is something impenetrable in Pinero. As to the acting, many—nay, nearly all, do well for the author, but some might do better. Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Fanny Brough are seen absolutely at their best: the one purged of his amusing and delightful exaggerations, the other establishing herself once more as one of the most consummate artists on the stage. Miss Brough, as she acted, made us feel that she was trying to make Mr. Pinero say what he ought to have said. With very little encouragement she relieved her sex of obloquy. From the laces and chiffons of her Society garments peeped out the heart of a true woman. It was an admirable performance. Miss Annie Hill, Mr. Fred Thorne, Mr. Henry Esmond, and Miss M. Talbot exactly understood their author, and both Mr. Elliott and Miss Helena Dacre did their best with exceptionally difficult characters. It is a sign of the times—and, in my humble opinion, a very bad sign of the times—that so much fuss has been made about the modern dresses in this play. Do we go to the theatre to see comedy or costume? It is a modern drawing-room comedy, and, presumably, the women dress correctly and in good taste. If they do not, they become ridiculous. The play deals with vulgar, snobbish people, and, presumably, such people are never dressed in good taste. Do the costumiers who advertise their gowns imply—"This is the way to dress snobs"? If so, they give their establishments a very bad advertisement. To dress the Egerton-Bompases and Cazalets in absolutely good taste would be to destroy the meaning of the play and characters. It seems to me the sublimity of nonsense to tell Society to go to a theatre in order to see how snobs dress in snobbish society, and to advertise the art of the dressmaker. But, then, this is an age of snobbery.

So long as Society can see Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne in an amusing and "risky" play, Society seems to be satisfied. Such a play has been found in "Godpapa," taken from the French by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Charles Brookfield. Mr. Hawtrey is once more the champion Ananias, and Miss Lottie Venne the demure Sapphira. They have brought lying to a fine art, and better acting of the kind cannot be seen just now in London. The defects of the play are forgiven for the sake of the amusing art. "Godpapa" is a success, without a doubt.



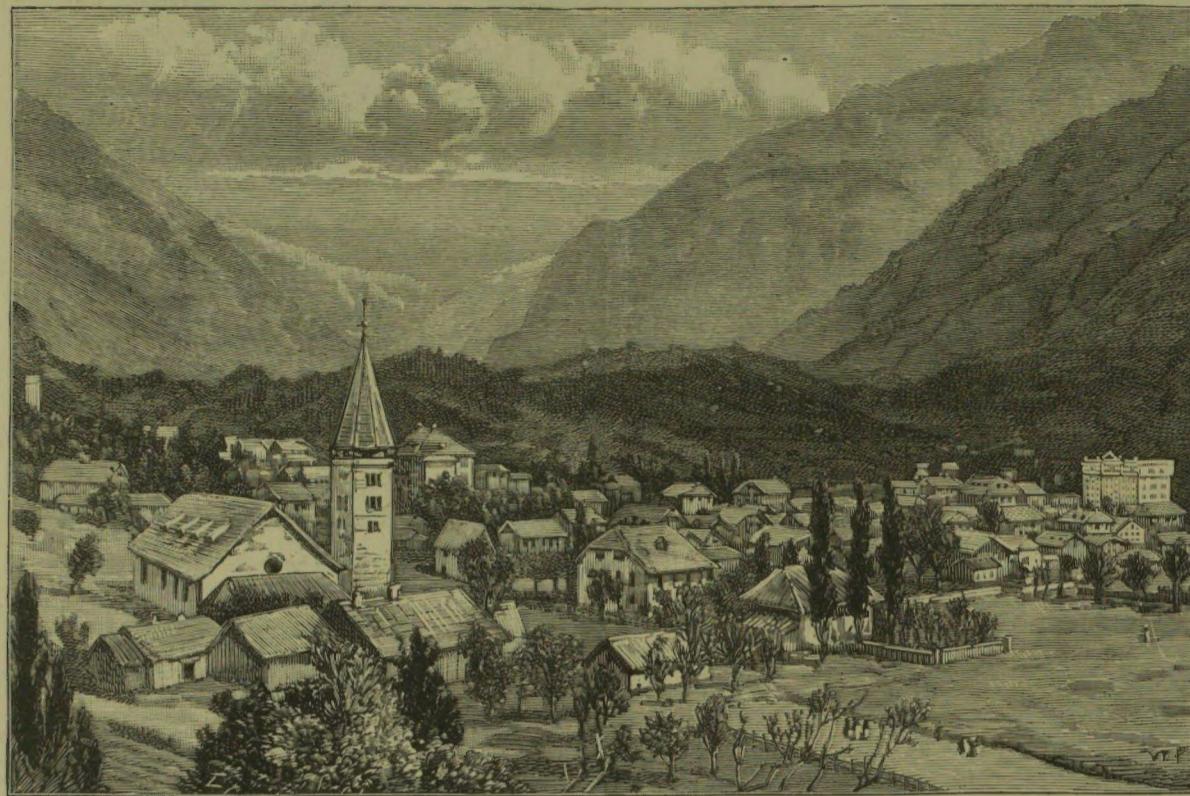
BERYL: "Why, you couldn't respect a girl you found telling a lie, could you?"

## FIRE AT MEIRINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

A most destructive fire, on Sunday morning, Oct. 25, broke out at Meiringen, in the Canton of Berne, a place well known to tourists in Switzerland. The flames, fanned by the strong wind known in Switzerland as the Fœhn, spread with astounding rapidity from the south side of the town to the north. The railway station and the post and telegraph offices were

## THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

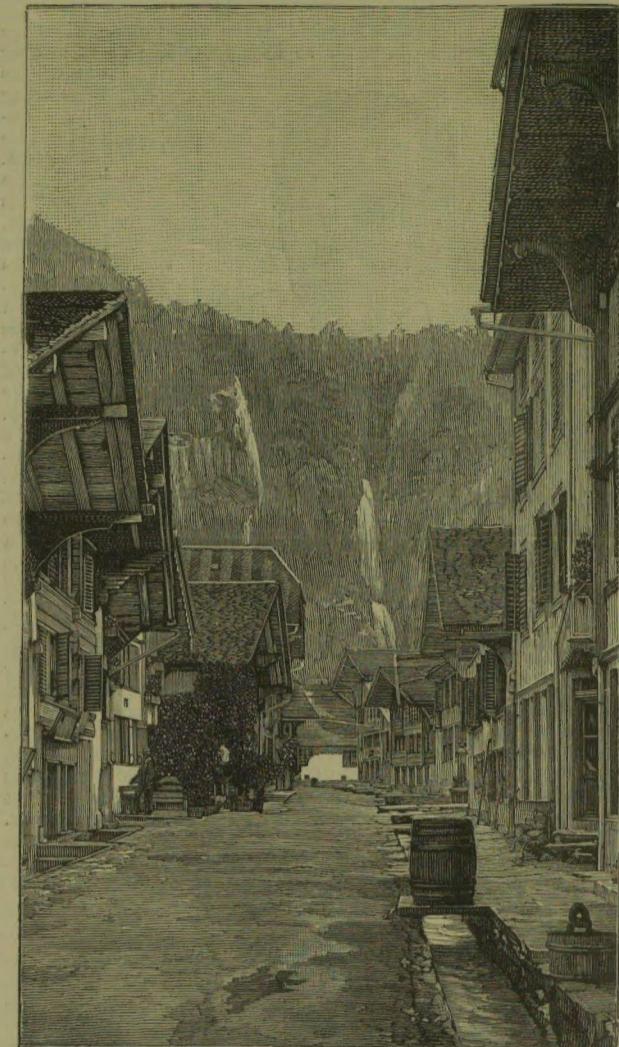
It has been explained that the extreme distress, almost imminent famine, prevailing among the rustic population in Russia, is confined to the provinces bordering the Volga, and even does not affect many districts in those provinces where, from the nature of the soil, the crops of grain and green vegetables have escaped failure this year. Numbers of the



MEIRINGEN, SWITZERLAND, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

soon burned down, the conflagration enveloping the whole town, except the Wilder Mann and the Victoria Hotels, which, owing to their position, escaped destruction. Only these, the church, and five cottages, remained standing three hours after the outbreak of the fire. Most of the inhabitants were unable to save their belongings, and are in a pitiful condition. Relief parties promptly started from Interlaken with provisions for the distressed people. The town of Meiringen suffered a similar calamity on Feb. 10, 1879. It had since been thought not liable to a recurrence of such disaster, as the wooden houses destroyed on that occasion had been replaced by stone buildings.

peasantry have been able to remove, suffering heavy losses, to the more favoured districts; and the scene represented in our Artist's Sketch is that of an incident of this melancholy migration. Unhappily, the minds of the labouring people generally, even where the harvest was tolerably good, are greatly unsettled, and many have chosen to go begging who were not actually in need of relief. In the Orel Government, there are complaints of an increase of idleness and drunkenness. The peasants declare that the Czar will provide for them, and when the engineers or contractors of the Kazan railway, and of the Kursk-Voronej railway, offered wages at the rate of twenty-five to thirty-five roubles monthly, supplying tools, they could



STREET IN MEIRINGEN.

seldom get men to work longer than three days. It is expected that public works will be started by the Imperial Government or the local authorities, and that labour will be made the condition of relief. It will be difficult to convey sufficient corn to Simbirsk before the navigation is closed by ice. In the province of Riazan, the harvest has yielded enough for seed; elsewhere the peasants refuse to accept corn for sowing the winter fields when they hear that it is a loan. Many secretly sell their stores to be able to appeal for public help. There is a cry for giving no more ready-money, and for the organisation of work, to which the starving peasants must lay a hand if they wish to be helped.



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA: MIGRATION OF PEASANTS.



"Run away to the barn and see how the work is going forward," said Catherine. . . . Bridget put on her hat to do her bidding.

## "COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### IN THE GREEN LANES.

For her love I carke and care,  
For her love I droop and dare,  
For her all my bliss is bare,  
And I wax wan!  
For her love in sleep I slake,  
For her love all night I wake,  
For her love I mourning make  
More than any man!—*"Love-longing"* (A.D. 1300).

While Catherine dreamed as she tossed the hay, Bridget dreamed as she walked in the green ways.

She was a thing of light and air and sunshine, frail and slight as one of the gossamer threads floating from tree to tree. Slipping from the house, she tripped, parasol in hand, until she gained the shadows, which she loved because they were gentle to her complexion. She listened to the sound of the distant haymaking, then looked admiringly at her pretty white hands. She did not wish to have them tanned with the sun like Catherine's, neither did she wish to have them broadened and made coarse like the hands of a farm-servant. There was plenty of time for the haymaking, despite what Catherine had said; the fine weather would last and the crops could be got in without her help. So, instead of going up to the five-acre, she lost herself among the lanes.

After she had sauntered for a while she sat down on a grassy bank and began to think, whereupon there happened what every lover thinks a miracle, but is really an everyday occurrence. Suddenly, as she sat there thinking, she became aware that she was not alone; someone had taken a seat beside her; someone had placed an arm around her waist; someone was kissing her! At first she made no attempt at resistance; it all seemed so unreal, so much a part of her dreamy thoughts—then like a frightened bird she struggled to get free.

"I have caught you, and I hold you!" said George; and he kissed her again.

Bridget put up her small white hand.

"You mustn't do that," she said softly.

"Why? Do you mind?"

"Well, no, it is not that," she answered simply; "but you will be seen."

"Don't be afraid; they are all too busy at work up in the hayfields. And, Bridget, listen to this. My father is up yonder dressed in his best! What does it mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know, unless he's courting Catherine."

George laughed.

"Well, he's capable of it, now she's an heiress. What a stroke of luck for her!"

"You may well say that. It came just in time."

"I know that. . . . Bridget."

"Yes, George."

"I suppose you are wondering why I kissed you?"

"Oh, no—I mean," she continued, faltering and blushing,

"I ought to be wondering why I let you!"

"It is the first time, Bridget," said George tenderly, taking her hand.

She did not withdraw her hand, but let it rest peacefully in his, while a soft dreamy look stole into her eyes.

"Yes," she almost whispered, "it is the first time."

"But of course you knew all about it?"

"About the kiss do you mean?" she answered, smiling.

"No; about the love which prompted it. Come, be frank with me. You knew I loved you?"

Bridget looked mischievously at him, and pouted her pretty lips.

"I'm not a witch," she said, "to know everything."

"Well, you suspected it, didn't you, Bridget? Somehow, I've never had the courage to speak right out to you; but now, when I'm going away, and it may be for a long time, I should like to feel that I leave someone behind me who will be thinking of me, perhaps longing for my return."

"Of course we shall all hope for that, George."

"But you above all?"

"Well, yes, of course I—oh, George!" she cried impulsively, "I think, yes, I am sure, I did know, and it made me very happy."

"Then you care for me as I care for you?"

"Yes—oh, yes! I care for you."

"And by-and-bye, when I have a house to offer you, you will be my little wife?"

"Yes, George!"

"Then, as a token, kiss me as I kissed you."

At this request her face became crimson. She covered it with both her hands.

"I couldn't; oh, I couldn't!" she cried.

He took her hands from her face and held them firmly.

"To prove your love, Bridget," he said, "come, kiss me just once!"

He bent his face towards her. She looked up at him, blushed, hesitated, then she kissed him lightly on the cheek. In a moment her imprisoned hands were free. The young man's arms were around her, while his kisses rained upon her cheeks, her eyes, her lips; and between each kiss his voice murmured passionately: "Ah, Bridget, how I love you!"

This unrehearsed love-scene had had a spectator; none

other indeed than Geoffrey the overseer. Sauntering leisurely through the neighbouring field, he had heard the sound of voices, and, on looking over the hedge, he had seen the lovers locked in each other's arms.

Without more ado he leapt the hedge and suddenly stood within a few yards of the pair.

The lovers started asunder; then, recognising the intruder, George regained possession of Bridget's hand, while she stood blushing beside him.

"Miss Bridget," said Geoffrey, quietly, "your sister's up yonder in the hayfield looking for you."

"I'll go to her," said the girl. Looking into the face of the young man beside her, she added: "You will come with me, won't you, George?"

Before the young man could reply, Geoffrey laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"I have a word or two to say to George," he said. "Run away alone, Miss Bridget."

"I'll follow," said George, quickly. "Wait for me in the hayfield!"

"Very well," answered Bridget, and she tripped away through the shadows, filling them with her own sunshine.

Both men stood watching her as she went. When a bend in the lane hid her from their sight, Geoffrey turned to George.

"So that is how the land lies!" he said.

"Yes," answered George.

He was still looking at the spot where the girl had disappeared.

"What will the Gaffer say?"

"I neither know nor care. We're parting company."

"And—and Catherine? Does she know?"

"I've never told her. This is the first time I've dared to tell anyone outright, even Bridget. But Catherine and I are the best of friends, and I'm sure she'll be glad to hear the news."

"I hope so, my lad, but women are strange sometimes. I've just seen her in the field looking brighter and happier than she has looked for many a long day. While I was with the haymakers she came and joined them and began to work with a will; but just before she came up she had been with the Gaffer. They had been as confidential as if they shared some merry secret together. Poor Catherine! I hope her happiness will last, but sudden changes often bring rain and storms. Promise me one thing: don't tell her of this to-day."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"I have nothing to be ashamed of. I shall leave it to Bridget."

"Warn the little one not to talk of it either, to-day."

"But why?"

"Never mind. Catherine has her humours like all of us; she might think you had not been quite open with her. Well, well, take my advice—a friend's advice. And now your hand. I wish you luck."

"Thank you," answered George. "And now may I wish you luck also?"

Geoffrey started.

"Me!" he replied. "What do you mean?"

"A lover's eyes can read the heart, Geoffrey," said George. "What I feel for the little one, you feel for Catherine."

"I? Oh, nonsense!"

"Come, what is there to be ashamed of?"

"Nothing," said Geoffrey, "only I don't wear my heart upon my sleeve like you youngsters. . . . And if I did care for Catherine, what then?"

"I should say you were the only man in the world who deserved her."

"Loving and deserving don't always dwell together."

"In your case they do."

"I'm not vain enough to think that, George," said Geoffrey, quickly. "And, besides, if I did, what would it matter? Women are like birds; they choose their mates to please their fancy; a sweet voice and fine feathers have the best chance both in house and hedgerow. And you, a lover, ought to have learned this long ago: a bird knows by instinct when it pleases, and a man knows by the same token when he has no chance."

"Why do you talk like that, Geoffrey? I'm sure Catherine respects and likes you above all men."

"Likes and respects me!" returned Geoffrey, bitterly. "Ah, that's the pang of it: liking and respecting don't make the sort of match by which the birds pair. Hark to that, George!" he continued. "Yonder's the lark singing, and if you strained your ears you'd hear the mother-bird answering below. There's no 'liking' and 'respecting' there! It's music out of the full heart. It's the pleasure of life itself. It's the sunshine of blind and happy love."

"Speak to her. I am sure she loves you."

"Let be, let be," said Geoffrey, sadly. "I must bide my time, lad, and do you take the advice of one older than yourself, and bide yours. Don't speak to Catherine to-day, and don't let the little one do it, either. Let the sun shine while it will; clouds and rain will follow soon enough."

The two men parted, but at five o'clock that afternoon they met again, up in the hayfield. Here they found toil still going on, and among the workers was Catherine, while Bridget stood at a distance calmly looking on. Catherine, who seemed radiantly happy, had placed herself at the head of a pair of fat white oxen which were yoked to the haycart.

"Come now, work away!" she cried. "Pile on the load and forward, for there will be rain."

Suddenly her eye fell upon the two men who had come up. She stepped forward at once to speak to them.

"Geoffrey! George!" she said.

"How bright you look!" said Geoffrey.

"Do I?" answered Catherine. "Well, I think I never felt so happy!"

"There, the work's done, the wagon is loaded!" cried the Doctor.

"Then up with you, little one, to crown it," said Catherine, laughing merrily. "Come, George, lift Bridget on to the hay!"

Nothing loth, George stepped forward to do as he was bidden, while Bridget laughed and blushed as she felt his arms about her.

"There!" he said, when he had deposited her safely on the top of the load, where she sat perched, parasol in hand.

"Well done!" cried Catherine, clapping her hands.

"Jarge! Jarge!" said the Gaffer, pulling at his coat.

"Well?"

"Where ha' you been? Every other person has been congratulating Catherine on her good luck, and now it be your turn!"

Frankly and honestly George turned to Catherine and extended his hand.

"I do congratulate you, Catherine, with all my heart," he said.

"Buss her, lad! buss her!" cried the Gaffer. "Eh, now, she's blushing and holding out her cheek!"

It was true. Blushing vividly, and with eyes downcast, Catherine held up her cheek for the young man's salute. He kissed her. A few paces off stood Geoffrey, quietly and sadly looking on. In a moment Catherine recovered herself.

"Come, that's enough of foolishness," she said. "Forward!"

Amid the shouts of the haymakers the wagon moved rapidly forward, leaving only Gaffer Kingsley and Geoffrey behind.

"Eh, you be there, Master Geoffrey," said the Gaffer, "looking sour, and dour as usual."

"Think so?" answered Geoffrey, carelessly.

"Don't I know it?" said the Gaffer. "And shall I tell

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAFFER IS BUSY.

Who plays with Love doth play with flame.

Who lighteth Love shall sink in shame,

So, men and maids, take warning!—*Old Ballad*.

Early the next morning both Catherine and Bridget were astir making preparations for the dance which was to crown the haymaking. The hearts of both were full of joy which they could not express. Bridget gazed in wonder upon Catherine, thinking she had never seen her look so happy, and Catherine looked at Bridget with puzzled eyes, thinking she had never seen her look so fair.

"It must be the money," thought Bridget, when she heard Catherine singing little scraps of song. "Ah, dear! how she must have hated being poor, when money can make her so joyful."

Then she fell to thinking of George, and her eyes sparkled and her bosom heaved with joy.

"He will come to-night," she thought. "I shall dance with him. He will be beside me all the time. Dear George! I will ask him if I may tell Catherine to-night."

She was glad that Catherine had become rich, and that riches seemed to bring her so much happiness. Her love for George seemed less selfish now. Had Catherine remained poor and downcast, surrounded by debts and duns, with no comfort in the world but the presence of her sister, Bridget would have found it so hard to confess to George that she loved him, it would have seemed like sacrilege to Catherine—like taking from her a part of something which should have been wholly hers. But now the case was altered. She could not explain why it was, but she felt a subtle instinct within her, which told her that during the last twenty-four hours a change had come over both of them. She no longer felt that in loving George she was false to her sister; perhaps it was because she felt that she was no longer the one thing which held sole possession of her sister's heart. So, while Catherine worked and thought, Bridget stitched and dreamed.

Both were silent, but both were very happy. Presently Catherine paused in her work and looked at her sister. Their eyes met.

"Of what are you thinking, little one?" asked Catherine.

"Of you, Catherine!"

"Of me!" said her sister in surprise, "and what were you thinking of me?"

"I was thinking how happy you have been since yesterday. Ah, dear, what changes money can make!"

"The money; yes, yes, it is the money, little one," returned Catherine, laughing. "It gives one happiness, as you say!"

"I hope it will never come between you and me!" said Bridget, thoughtfully.

In a moment her sister was beside her, kissing her passionately.

"Never say that again, Bridget, and never think it. Nothing could come between us. You believe that, don't you, little one?" she added, stroking her cheek.

"Yes," said Bridget, tearfully, "I believe it."

"And now you are crying," continued Catherine. "You are foolish, Bridget. Look brighter, or I shall think you are not glad to see me happy. There, there! run away to the barn and see how the work is going forward. Everything must be gay to-night!"

There soon came sunshine through the shower. Bridget put on her hat, and, after blowing a kiss to Catherine, ran off to do her bidding. Catherine gazed thoughtfully at the door through which she had passed.

"Can the child suspect?" she thought. "Ah! no, it is not possible, and I could not tell her; she is such a child she would not understand. Well, her turn will come some day—after a long time, perhaps—and then she too will be happy."

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Catherine, and the Gaffer entered.

He approached Catherine and embraced her affectionately.

"My daughter!" he said. "Well, what did I tell ee?"

"Have you spoken to him?" asked Catherine, blushing and trembling.



*George stepped forward to do as he was bidden, while Bridget laughed and blushed as she felt his arms about her.*

'ee what you be thinking about? You be thinking that who's cock o' the walk one day bean't *allus* cock o' the walk, and that Master Geoffrey mun make way soon for my son Jarge.'

"What do you mean?" asked Geoffrey.

"I mean that she's ta'en him for better or for worse, and that they'll have my loving blessing."

"Do you mean to tell me that she's going to marry him?"

"Make no mistake about that."

"But he—he?"

"He's a young vule!" returned the Gaffer, bitterly. "But he'll ne'er quarrel wi' such good fortune; the best match in all the world. Will 'ee come wi' me and congratulate her? No? Well, mebbe you be best away!"

The Gaffer moved off in the direction which the haycart had taken, and left Geoffrey alone.

"No," he said to himself. "I can't look her in the face, knowing what I do. Poor Catherine! And she said 'twas the happiest day of all her life!"

Just a word! He can't quite believe yet, poor lad, that he's so lucky, and, besides, he be so bashful. But, look! I was to give 'ee this!"

"A ring!" said Catherine, amazed.

"His own mother's: all solid gold. He thought 'twould come prettily to show how much he loved 'ee."

Catherine took the ring and kissed it.

"How good of him!" she said. "I'll wear it till I die."

"Or till parson changes it for another," said the Gaffer, slyly.

"Ah, but you seem dreadful fond of him!"

"I love him," answered Catherine, smiling. "I've loved him ever since I can remember. But when I was poor I thought 'twas useless hoping and dreaming, for you were a rich man and he was your son. But now it's different. I can answer him with a full heart and bring him all I have."

"The land! the money!" said the Gaffer, eagerly. "Not that he cares for that, poor vule," he continued by way of apology, "he's so mad with love for 'ee. Say, Catherine, there be one I know who didn't relish to see my Jarge kissing thee so bravely."

"Who?"

"Why, Overseer, of course. Master Geoffrey's trying to spoil sport."

"Geoffrey Doone has no right"—began Catherine.

"Of course, of course," said the Gaffer, slyly, "but he'd like to keep cock o' the walk still. But when you're wedded he'll go about his business, eh?"

"Nay, he'll be overseer still," returned Catherine. "He has been my best friend; I owe all I have to him."

"Why, look, there be George!" cried the Gaffer. Catherine turned and saw George standing in the doorway.

"Good morning, Catherine," said the young fellow, "where's Bridget? By the way," he added, stepping forward, "what do you think I heard this morning—why, that my father has proposed for you and that you are going to marry him, and here I find him!" He added, laughing, "I confess it looks rather suspicious."

"A good joke that, eh, Catherine?" said the Gaffer, laughing nervously and looking anxiously from one to the other.

"Yes, indeed, a good joke," answered Catherine, gazing fondly at George. "I must talk to them."

"Do," said the Gaffer, "and I'll take Jarge along o' me and talk w' him."

"Very well," returned Catherine. "You'll be sure to remember to-night, won't you, George?" she added. "There's to be a dance in the big barn; Bridget is there now, setting things right for it."

"Bridget in the barn!" said George, turning towards the door. "May I go and help her, Catherine?"

"Yes," answered Catherine, "go and help her! And George, thank you for your gift. It was so good of you; so like yourself."

"My gift?" said George, making a movement towards her, but his father promptly held him back.

"Leave Jarge to me now," he said; "he's nervous. He'll be wi' 'ee to-night."

"Ah, yes, to-night at the dance," said Catherine. "You must come to me, George, remember. And your father is right to take you away. You must not speak to me now. I'm so happy that another word would make me cry!"

Utterly puzzled and amazed, George was about to reply, but he was seized in a strong grip, hurried out of the kitchen, and not till he had left the farm several yards behind was he allowed to speak.

Then he turned to his father.

"What is the matter with her?" he asked. "What makes her seem so strange?"

The old man grinned with delight.

"My doing," he said. "Shake hands, Jarge; I've got thousands o' pounds for 'ee and fifteen hundred acres o' vine land. You've only to take them."

"I don't understand," said George, who certainly looked sorely puzzled.

"Then you're a vule," returned his father, sharply. "I've got 'ee the farm and the money, and Catherine too. She'll have 'ee, she'll have 'ee! She's mad wi' love for 'ee already!"

"Catherine loves me!" said George. "Nonsense, we're like brother and sister—that's all!"

"Brother and sister! Why, I ha' told her you're ready to marry her if she'll only say the word."

"You told her that?" cried George, angrily.

"Yes, I did!"

"Then you told her a falsehood. I don't love her!"

The Gaffer grinned.

"Well, love be a detail. You be agoin' to marry her!"

"Never!"

"She's got all the brass and all the land."

"What are they to me?"

"Everything, unless you be a born vule. Don't 'ee go and break my heart, Jarge; don't 'ee go and tell me you favour someone else."

"But I do favour someone else!"

"You do? Who is it? Who is it? Not the little sister?"

"Yes; Bridget! And she has promised to be my wife!"

The old man ground his teeth and clenched his fist.

"Take care, Jarge," he cried. "Don't 'ee provoke me! Don't 'ee tell me you're running after that penniless wench. Flying in the face o' Providence! Think o' the money—think o' the land!"

"I have told you that I care for neither!" returned the young man, coldly. "I'm going to London to fight my own way; with what I can gain and the bit of money my mother left me!"

"You can't touch that without my will!"

"It's left in your keeping for my use, it's mine, and I mean to have it."

"Not a penny!"

"The law will make you give it up."

"Take the law against your father!" said the old man, whining a little, "against him who's planned all for your good! Come, come, Jarge, listen to reason. Don't be a mad, headstrong vule. Marry Catherine."

"I cannot, even if she cares for me. It is Bridget that I love!"

"Vule of vules!" cried the old man, angrily, "wanting to take that pale-faced, penniless chit, when Catherine is yours for the asking. 'Tis Bridget who's done this! I should like to strangle her wi' my own hands!"

"Take care! no threats against her!"

"Ye won't marry Catherine?"

"No, never!"

"And you'll marry the sister?"

"Yes, for I love her!"

"You sha'n't, I'll kill 'ee first!" cried the old man. In a moment he sprang upon his son, and seizing him by the throat, shook him violently. George, who was much the

stronger of the two, submitted for a few moments, then he quietly released himself.

"Keep your hands off me," he said.

"Keep my hands off 'ee!" screamed the old man. "I'd like to tear 'ee into bits, and her too, the scheming, smiling, pale-faced bussy! But you sha'n't ha' her! you sha'n't ha' her! or if ye ha' her ye shall starve! D'y'e hear? Starve! So mind what I've told ye!"

This time George did not answer, but followed his father in the direction of the barn where Catherine had said Bridget was working. He had not gone far, however, when he met Bridget running rapidly towards him, her face pale and anxious.

"Where are you going, George?" she asked as the young man took her hand.

"I was going to look for you, Bridget," he replied. "Catherine told me you were in the big barn making ready for the dance."

"Has anything happened?" she continued, noting the grave expression of his face. "What is the matter with your father? He passed me just now, looking white as death, and when I tried to speak to him he shook his clenched fist in my face."

The young man laughed uneasily, and stroked the girl's cheek.

"No fool like an old one, Bridget," he said. "He's been meddling as usual."

"But how?"

"Well, I'm almost ashamed to tell you; it's so absurd. He wants me—you won't be angry, Bridget, if I tell you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, he wants me to marry Catherine!"

"What?"

"Worse than that, he's actually spoken to her about it."

"What?" said Bridget again, and she laughed heartily.



JOSEF KAINZ, THE NEW GERMAN HAMLET.

"I hope she won't mind," said George.

"I'm sure she won't! I understand now why she's so merry and full of fun, laughing every minute. A little while ago she caught me round the waist and kissed me, and then she said, still laughing: 'Oh! those silly men! They won't leave me alone now I've got money. But we'll lead them a fine dance, won't we, Bridget?'"

"That's just like her. Have you told her about our engagement?"

"Not yet. I mean to tell her to-night, when the dance is over and everybody is gone. I'm sure she thinks you like me."

"My face has been a tell-tale, eh?"

"Perhaps. But your father, he'll never forgive you, I'm afraid!"

"Then he must do the other thing. I'm not a chattel to be hawked about in the market as he pleases. Listen, darling: you must promise to be very good and to wait patiently till I've a home to offer you."

"Of course I'll wait. I'm not in a hurry to marry."

"All girls say that!"

"But I mean it. I'm very happy as I am."

"But you love me?"

She looked up laughing.

"Will you come with me to the barn?" she said; "there is still much to do, and you might be useful."

(To be continued.)

This is the season when intending emigrants for North America begin to make their preparations, and it is well, therefore, to remind them that those who are suited to the country need not pay a farthing of premium. Advertisements are beginning to appear in the English press offering all manner of inducements to farm pupils, or "mud students," as they call them across the Atlantic; but the advice of the Dominion Government agents is that if a young a fellow has the right stuff in him a Canadian farmer will be glad to pay him fair wages. If he cannot earn wages, he may take it that the hard-working life of a Canadian farmer is not for him.

### A GERMAN HAMLET.

A few weeks ago, when I was staying in Berlin, I heard with great interest that Josef Kainz, the young Hungarian actor, whom I knew as so brilliant a Romeo, was going to play Hamlet. A man of genius, and with all the eccentricities of a man of genius, Kainz has quarrelled with Ludwig Barnay, the all-powerful actor-manager, and it is now impossible for him to play at the Berliner Theater. So the performance was announced to take place at the little Ostend Theater. It is at the far end of the town, in the Grosse Frankfurterstrasse. A dingy entrance admits you into a dingy garden, laid out in the usual German fashion, with its dusty trees, its clusters of electric lights, its little wooden tables and chairs, and in one corner—the corner remote from the theatre—a vigorous orchestra, supplemented from time to time by the poorest kind of music-hall singing on a small temporary stage at the back. The garden is small and cramped; the people who walk and sit in it—drinking their beer and eating their sausages with their fingers—are as dingy as the garden. The air of the theatre—its drab walls, its low doors, its shabby seats—is somewhat discouraging, an air of the consciously second-rate. I am afraid, as we lean over the balcony, my friends and I, we made equally contemptuous reflections on the quality of the audience. The only spot to which one's eyes were attracted was the stage-box, in which sat Frau Kainz (Sara Hutzler), a well-known literary woman.

But when the curtain went up, how suddenly all that uncomfortable aspect of things was forgotten! The Hamlet of Josef Kainz is nervous, highly strung, full of a somewhat spasmodic energy—the soul of a dreamer in a moody young Prince who is only too prompt for ill-considered action. No impersonation that I have seen is so full of romantic colour, of febrile energy, of brilliant tumultuous youth. He is always, even in the mournful travesty of his "inky cloak," his "customary suit of solemn black," his dejection and misery.

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers.

When we first see him—a brooding figure, the fine, distressed face, the long black cloak, in sharp contrast with the gay, harsh splendour of the King and Queen—he sits absorbed, motionless, rising mechanically when Cornelius and Voltimand go out, then relapsing into the same silent protest of attitude. When his mother addresses him he speaks reluctantly, with restrained bitterness. Left alone, he cries out in uncontrollable anguish. It is the first great soliloquy—

O that this too too solid flesh would melt!  
and the whole scene affords scope for all the varieties of that wonderful voice which Kainz can play upon as upon a whole chorus. Excessive in the outcry of his soliloquy, Hamlet is impetuous in his affection for Horatio—excessive as in all else, breaking out into a nervous cry of delight on seeing him. He faces the Ghost undauntedly; but when we see him next, listening to the lamentable tale, he is bowed to the earth under the weight of the horror unfolded to him, and can but groan, as if body and soul were at parting. The shock does for the moment almost drive him crazy, and he raves out his soliloquy almost like a madman. He is not acting a part when the friends return, and he greets them so strangely: he is excited to the verge of hysteria. But his brain is not really unhinged; and when, in the second act, he comes in reading, and seats himself at a little table apart, he is already—though, in truth, irritable and unstrung—playing a part. He answers Polonius abruptly, savagely, turning his real irritation at being disturbed into a pretence of mental alienation. When the two courtiers enter, and he is freed from the intrusive presence of Polonius, he lets his satire play more freely, still under the guidance of his purpose. It is with extraordinary art that Kainz gives one an impression of the brilliant, really princely creature, with his rash vehemence of purpose swayed by shifting moods, the dark underrun of brooding suspicion, the relief which he actually finds in playing a part so like his own satirical nature. His moods are his masters, and Kainz is infinitely varied in his rendering of them.

Never was the actor more inspired than when he came to the difficult soliloquy "To be, or not to be." Hamlet walks slowly, meditatively, in, drops into reflective speech, dreamily, almost unwittingly, with long significant pauses. As he says "To sleep— perchance to dream!"—a very phantom of a smile passes over his face—a wonderful, subtle smile that Kainz can call up at certain moments. It flickers again, malevolently, mysteriously, in his singular and striking performance of the closet-scene, usually omitted, the important scene of the King's prayer. The attitude of this Hamlet to his characteristically German Ophelia (Fräulein Laura Detschy) is, as it should be, a puzzle. It looks like aversion; but is it really aversion, or is the feeling assumed? In the speech to the Players he is rapid, energetic, speaking his words with a speed in which one sees something of suppressed excitement. In the play-scene he is full of impish malice in look and gesture, as he lies restlessly on the floor at Ophelia's feet, watching the King with a sort of exultant suspense, ending with a frenzied shout of triumph, a snatch of wild and whirling song, when his suspicions are at last confirmed. In the scene with the Queen he is full of mingled tenderness and horror. "Look here upon this picture, and on this"—and he points to the two pictures on the walls, with a long muffled peal of contemptuous laughter as he scrutinises the image of his mother's second husband. His brutality to Polonius, as he drags the dead body like a log across the floor, is in fine contrast with the reproachful affection of his looks and tones to his mother—the lingering, loving "Good-night, mother!" In the fight with Laertes—admirable as a piece of fencing—the energy of the feverish Prince finds vent once more, rising into his nearest approach to madness as he flings himself upon the King, dashes the poisonous cup in his face, and stabs him at last, and now again and again, with the sword that has given death to Laertes and himself.

A. S.



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"WALLS HAVE EARS."—DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

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## LITERATURE.

## MR. PINERO'S NEW COMEDY.

*The Times.* A Comedy in Four Acts. By Arthur W. Pinero. (William Heinemann.)—"I don't aspire to great things, but I wish to speak of great things with gratitude, and of mean things with indignation." Mr. Pinero takes this confession of faith from one of the characters in this play, and makes it the motto of his first published work. It represents an excellent sentiment; no particular power of mind, perhaps, but a wholesome attitude towards life. Unfortunately, it is put into the mouth of a young man whose gratitude and indignation are very far from being conspicuous. Viscount Lurgashall might have established himself in the sympathies of the reader, if Mr. Pinero had thought fit to allow him. His love-affair might have acquired some dignity, and the object of it, Miss Beryl Egerton-Bompas, who has a distinct capacity for indignation, might have shown this with considerable advantage, if the author had chosen to give any weight and substance to the serious element in his comedy. But Mr. Pinero has a whimsical faculty which thoroughly enjoys disproportion, and "The Times"—a title which may rank for comprehensiveness with Balzac's "Comédie Humaine"—proves to be an elaborately farcical exaggeration of a phase of vanity which has received more artistic treatment from the hands of some great masters. Like all Mr. Pinero's work, this play is written with an experienced eye to stage effect; but in the reading it exhibits its defects, rather than the scope which it affords to the actor. From his preface Mr. Pinero's purpose might be judged to be serious enough. "Can the depths be sounded," he asks, "of ignorance, of vulgarity of mind, of vanity, and of self-seeking?" Unquestionably the business of fathoming such a sea is inexhaustible. But Mr. Pinero's plummet does not go very deep. He skims the surface with the deftness of his craft; but what is the satirical penetration in such a character as that of Mr. Egerton-Bompas, the draper who has risen to Parliamentary honours, and whose little soul is swelled with pride over the evening parties to which his wealth has invited him? The type is familiar enough, but Mr. Pinero makes it gratuitously improbable by endowing his successful draper with absurdities with which success is quite incompatible. The speech which Mr. Egerton-Bompas wants to deliver in the House at the invitation of the Whips is pure farce, and not very good farce. It belongs to the comic stump oratory which Mr. Pinero must know quite well is never heard at Westminster. The device of the Irish member, Mr. Timothy McShane, for taking revenge on the Conservative draper by forcing him to announce his adhesion to the Irish party, is also the wildest fantasy. One can conceive an idea of this kind being made passably entertaining in something which pretended to be nothing more than a piece of rollicking extravagance. But, then, Mr. Pinero pretends to a good deal more. He christens his play "The Times," and calls it a comedy, though its main character has no more to do with the actual life of our day than Mr. Edward Terry's eloquence has to do with the modes of speech which pass for elocution in the Legislature. Mr. Pinero says in his preface that "a moral need not be enforced with the sententiousness of a sermon"; but it ought to be enforced by some plausible semblance of the characteristics which are chastised for our edification. There is only too much ground for the suspicion that in drawing his moral Mr. Pinero had in his mind the personal peculiarities of Mr. Edward Terry, rather than the actuality of a bumptious tradesman who is thrust into a social position for which he is unfitted. If anybody can imagine Mr. Edward Terry elected by a London constituency as a tribute to his comic eccentricities of voice and bearing, then Mr. Egerton-Bompas may pass as a fitting subject for a moral. There are some natural touches in the character of Mrs. Egerton-Bompas; and her tipsy dunces of a son, who marries the daughter of his landlady because she laid the cloth in his lodging, is a grim portrait of a little cad. But the Irish landlady and her girl have nothing to command them. Mr. Montagu Trimble, the factotum of the Bompases, is dimly Thackerayan, but Miss Cazalet, the journalist, is a wild caricature. The greatest defect of all is that a comedy, which should be, above all things, human, is in this case singularly lacking in humanity. Mr. Pinero asks us to believe that a common lodging-house keeper and her illiterate offspring could have been foisted on society by the artful impudence of Mr. Trimble. The trick is not credible, and there is a surprisingly small quantity of human nature in the process. On the other hand, Mr. Pinero does not forget all his cunning, and, disappointing as it essentially is, "The Times" is vastly better written than "Saints and Sinners." Mr. Pinero never drops into the banalities which distinguished that performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The personages in "The Times" may be very far from convincing, but their talk is perfectly in keeping with the individuality assigned to them, and here and there is a flash of that subtle observation which is so strongly marked in some other plays of Mr. Pinero's which we are glad to see included in Mr. Heinemann's series.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "My Danish Sweetheart," by W. Clark Russell. Three vols. (Methuen.)
- "Eleven Possible Cases," by Frank R. Stockton, Edgar Fawcett, Nym Crinkle, Anna K. Green, "Q," and other writers. (Cassell.)
- "Beatrice and Benedick: a Romance of the Crimea," by Hawley Smart. Two vols. (F. V. White.)
- "Lumley the Painter: a Novel," by John Strange Winter. (F. V. White.) Paper covers.
- "Stories from Fairyland," by George Drosines; and "The Cup of Tears, and other Tales," by Aristotle Kourtidis. Translated from the Greek by Mrs. Edmonds. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "Vain Fortune," by George Moore. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. (Henry.)
- "The Plays of Arthur W. Pinero. I. 'The Times,'" a comedy, in four acts. (Heinemann.)
- "A Frenchman in America; the Anglo-Saxon Race Revisited," by Max O'Rell. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. (Arrow-smith, Bristol.)
- "Lorna Doone." A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. New edition, with illustrations. (Sampson Low.)
- "Real Sailor Songs," collected and edited by John Ashton. Two hundred illustrations. (Leadenhall Press.)
- "A Fatal Silence," by Florence Marryat. Three vols. (Griffith and Farran.)
- "Redskin and Cow-Boy." A Tale of the Western Plain, by G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son.)
- "The Wigwam and the War-Patch," by Ascott R. Hope. New and cheaper edition. (Blackie and Son.)
- "Lyra Heroica." A Book of Verse for Boys. Selected and arranged by W. E. Henley. (David Nutt.)
- "The Last of the Giant-Killers; or, The Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale," by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L., Canon of York. (Macmillan.)

## MR. W. E. H. LECKY.

If it is undoubtedly the fact that the reputation of authors is made by books, it nevertheless sometimes happens that the reputation of books is made by authors. The little volume before us\*, if published anonymously, would have passed almost without notice. Now everybody who cares for serious literature will wish to see it, and every such person will be glad that he has seen it. Its pretensions, indeed, are not high. It is simply the occasional verse of a man of high culture; always inspired by feeling, and sometimes by poetry. But its true claim to notice is that it admits us to the intimacy of one who has influenced the public mind very deeply, but who, as a personage, has been inaccessible to the mass of his readers. The poet and the novelist, whether externalising the visions of imagination or drawing their materials from the observation of life, depict themselves, in a measure, in their writings. The reader of "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair" for instance, at once sees that the authors were very different people, and obtains a very fair idea what sort of people they were. This may or may not be the case with the historian and the abstract thinker. Sometimes the individuality is so strong and peculiar that the man of thought paints himself as vividly as he could have painted another. The autobiography of Gibbon, the diaries of Macaulay, reveal precisely the kind of man already presfigured in their historical works. But nothing in Robertson manifests the man who governed the Church of Scotland for thirty years; and the character of Hume, so strongly marked in his memoirs and letters, would not be easily discovered from his history. Mr. Lecky belongs to the class of impersonal historians, and such knowledge of the man, apart from the books, as the world possesses, is mostly due to accidental circumstances. As a leading Irishman, he has interested himself in Irish politics and Irish history, and here, by the unanimous testimony of friends and opponents, has evinced the almost incompatible alliance of ardent public spirit with judicial candour. His friendship with Carlyle has required not only fidelity, but magnanimity, and neither have been wanting. But, on the whole, little more could hitherto be said of the man, apart from the author, than that he was chiefly interested in questions with a

Mr. Lecky's work in this department, and, indeed, on eighteenth-century history in general, is from this point of view invaluable. But if the thinker with him is strong, the artist is weak. He can neither portray a character nor describe an event with the requisite vividness; and when dealing with things of flesh and blood, is rather an historical essayist than an historian.

The little volume of verses which Mr. Lecky has at length given to the world is a surprise in one respect, but no surprise in any other. None of his readers, probably, ever thought of him as a possible poet; but when his poetical work was actually announced all must have looked for such work as this. Elegance of form and soundness of sense were to be expected. Mr. Lecky could write nothing unworthy of a man of fastidious refinement and perfect culture. The absence of objectivity and the imaginative element were equally certain. There is no attempt at poetical creation, and the few attempts at description are not fortunate. Thought and feeling are the staple of the book: the thought is always just, the feeling always deep and true, the expression commonly adequate. Yet equal accuracy, sincerity, and elegance have times without number wanted an audience. These will fare better, and the cause will be the personal interest attaching to the moods and meditations of an author who has largely leavened contemporary thought, but whose personality has hitherto been so much in the background. There is no feature of special novelty or originality: they are the thoughts and emotions of a serious, tender-hearted man, impressed alike with the worth of human life and its frailty, and with little of the characteristically poetic temperament except its sensitiveness. If there is any marked peculiarity, it is the author's independence of the current poetic dictio. So far as the evidence of style alone extends, he might have written before he was born! Nor is it easy to detect the influence of any of the great masters of poetry—a sure proof that the serious work of life has lain in other fields. The following beautiful lines, though transcending the average standard of the book, may yet convey a fair idea of its general character—

Upon the tall cliff's cloud-wrapt verge  
The lonely shepherd stands,  
And hears the thundering ocean surge  
That sweeps the far-off strands;

And thinks in peace of raging storms  
Where he will never be—  
Of life in all its unknown forms  
In lands beyond the sea.

So in our dreams some glimpse appears,  
Though soon it fades again,  
How other lands or times or spheres  
Might make us other men;

How half our being lies in trance,  
Nor joy nor sorrow brings,  
Unless the hand of Circumstance  
Can touch the latent strings.

We know not fully what we are,  
Still less what we might be:  
But hear faint voices from the far  
Deep lands beyond the sea.

RICHARD GARNETT.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Ruskin, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is better in health than he has been for some time. He is staying at Brantwood, that pleasant house by the side of Coniston Water, which has been his favourite home for many years now.

A new volume of poems by Mr. George Meredith is in the hands of the printers, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It contains a revision of "Modern Love," and another long poem entitled "The Sage Enamoured and the Modest Lady." No copies will be sent to the reviewers, Mr. Meredith holding that those gentlemen have enough of him as a novelist.

Mr. Heinemann has sold nearly double as many copies of Mr. Hall Caine's "Scapegoat" as of the same writer's "Bondman."

Miss Lily Dougall's "Beggars All" (Longmans) has already reached a third edition, and it deserves its success, if only for the letter in which the heroine, driven to extremity by poverty, answers a matrimonial advertisement. That is one of the most natural letters that fiction has given us since Richardson. There is much in the book that is unreal enough, but the author has undoubtedly a future.

There will shortly be published an édition de luxe of the Latin commentary on Dante's "Divina Commedia," together with the Latin version of the poem made in the fifteenth century by Friar Giovanni da Serravalle, and a fifteenth-century Italian version of the commentary, by Beato Bartolomeo da Calle. The edition, which will be limited to 2000 copies, is under the supervision of Fathers Marcellinus and Domenichelli, and Pope Leo has set apart 20,000 francs to cover the cost of publication. A copy will be presented to each of the principal libraries of the world. The Papal munificence reads curiously in the light of the fact that Dante places Popes in Hell, and was ever an upholder of the Imperial against the Pontifical claim. But, nevertheless, Dante's devotion to the Church of his age is indisputable, as Pope Leo recognises.

At Lecco, on the Lake of Como, has just been inaugurated a monument to Alessandro Manzoni, in memory of the fact that the scene of his famous novel "I Promessi Sposi" was laid in that spot. The unveiling of the statue drew a great crowd to the little town, and an admirable discourse was held, treating of the writer and his works, by the ex-Syndic of Milan, Gaetano Negri, whose name has lately become familiar to Englishmen thanks to his admirable "Life of George Eliot," recently published in Italy. Manzoni is represented in the monument as seated. On three sides of the pedestal—which is made of red Baveno granite—there are seen in bas-relief the three principal events of his "Promessi Sposi": the abduction of Lucia; Padre Cristoforo, who conducts Renzo to see Don Rodrigo dying in the lazaretto; and Renzo and Lucia as they issue from the church where they have just been married, followed by Agnese and Don Abbondio. On the fourth side of the pedestal are seen the arms of Lecco and of Italy, and underneath is a touching inscription.

Zola's "La Débâcle" will probably be published by Messrs. George Charpentier early in the spring, and is being awaited with considerable curiosity, for the author has refused the most tempting offers both at home and abroad for the serial rights of this, his war-novel. He considers that "La Débâcle" should be read *tout d'un trait*, and not absorbed in daily doses by the frivolous readers of the *Gil Blas* or some kindred publication. A fine description of the battle of Sedan will occupy two thirds of the book. There are to be no women in the story.

\* Poems, by W. E. H. Lecky. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)



MR. W. E. H. LECKY.

moral side to them, and was animated in an unusual measure by "the enthusiasm of humanity."

There is a special appropriateness in this impersonality on the part of a writer whose principal work proclaims the limited efficiency of the most gifted individuals in comparison with the impersonal influences which, by modifying opinions and sentiments, slowly but surely transform the condition of mankind. It is the converse doctrine to that of Carlyle's "Hero Worship," and equally sound, though it is most difficult to keep the two apparently antagonistic theories simultaneously before the mind in just balance. Lecky's "History of Rationalism" is defined by himself as "the history of a certain cast of thought or bias of reasoning." It is the history of a change of climate. He shows how beliefs which had seemed firmly established and based upon impregnable evidence have languished and withered away, not from the influence of reason or ridicule, not from the invalidation of testimony, but from a general change in men's ways of thinking which no one in particular had originated, and which no one could have foreseen. The belief in witchcraft is a striking instance. There was as much apparent evidence for it in the latter part of the seventeenth century as at any other period; the writers who upheld it were not only more numerous than those who impugned it, but more influential; it was neither proscribed by authority nor overthrown by argument—it simply faded out of men's minds. The unlawfulness of taking interest for money lent, persecution for religious opinions, the divine right of princes, afford equally pertinent examples of superstitions whose hold upon mankind has been relaxed not by the efforts of reformers, but by natural processes in the human intellect. They have died out like races of animals that can no longer adapt themselves to their environment. The historian who finds his vocation in analysing these subtle intangible forces is hardly likely to exhibit a marked individuality in his works. Mr. Lecky is the opposite of his forerunner Buckle, whose methods, in contrast with his, may be illustrated by the fable of the Wind and the Sun's contention for the traveller's cloak. Buckle, more brilliant and vigorous than Lecky, provokes hostility by his dogmatic aggressiveness. Lecky is the most persuasive of writers. Like the movement he describes, he envelops his reader in an atmosphere of common-sense which it is impossible to avoid breathing, and which brings intellectual sanity with it as surely as bodily health is wafted by mountain air. He leaves no room for controversy; the thing obviously is as he sees it to be. This candour and cogency are great qualifications for the historian of an embittered and distracted country like Ireland.

## THE POEMS OF JOHN RUSKIN.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

A fitter title for the two volumes\* which have just been issued, under the editorship of Mr. W. G. Collingwood—a fitter, though a more cumbersome title—would be “Documents in Illustration of the Early Life of John Ruskin.” I must waive my right of considering the contents of these volumes as poetry: let some other critic say the ponderous and obvious things which truth perhaps requires. Even as “documents”



JOHN RUSKIN AT THE AGE OF 3½ YEARS.

From the portrait by James Northcote, R.A. By permission of Arthur Severn, Esq., R.I.

it may be that some twenty pages of typical selections from Mr. Ruskin’s verse, printed as an appendix to “Præterita,” might have satisfied the judicious lover of literature and of Mr. Ruskin. But lovers cannot always be judicious. And we have all received so much good at Mr. Ruskin’s hands that if his admirers, with his consent, were to lay upon us a heavier burden than these two volumes, we might accept the trial sent to us with a smiling face.

Some of us who are not fortunate possessors of the rare volume of “Collected Poems” printed forty years ago, nor even of the American reprint, had become familiar with many pieces of verse, signed “J. R.,” in “Friendship’s Offerings” and in “Books of Beauty,” from 1836 to 1846. In such places they looked their best. One discovered them, and in a discovery there is a bribe: the “anonymous correspondent” who “dates from Christ Church, Oxford,” came timidly to ask for our suffrage; now and again we lighted upon some charming Turnersque plate—“Amboise,” “The Coast of Genoa,” “Le Glacier des Bois”—drawn by J. R., and engraved by Armytage or Goodall, which glorified the entire volume. And, indeed, it can harm no one if I venture on a word in praise of these pretty annual *biblets* which good papas and aunts and uncles presented to our fair ancestresses sixty years since. Keepsakes, Cameos, Gems, Bijoux, Forget-me-Nots, Winter’s Wreaths, Friendship’s Offerings, Landscape Annuals—superannuated Annuals—they should not be considered unworthy of the modest collector’s care. Here lurk some of Coleridge’s choicest verses, some of Tennyson’s youthful poems, some of Landor’s fugitive yet marmoreal prose. The “embellishments” are not despicable: those languishing beauties, those romantic brigands touched the hearts of fair maidens, in whose albums were written verses by Charles Lamb, and Hartley Coleridge, and Felicia Hemans. The exquisite design of Stothard, which roused the greater Coleridge from his melancholy—the “Garden of Boccaccio”—hides in a “Keepsake.” Some of Prout’s most characteristic work may be found in the “Landscape Annuals.” Let your copies, collector, be clean; but heed not though the red silk or stamped mock-leather covers be a little faded or worn, and do not consider it a fault if the presentation plate be inscribed with best wishes or in loving remembrance from Cousin Henry to Alice, or from Uncle George to Kate; let the thought of time and its lapse help you to a gentle mood of sentiment. In such a mood you may sympathise even with the sorrows of Leoni, the bandit of Mr. Ruskin’s prose tale in “Friendship’s Offering” of 1837, as he leans, pale and haggard, on a rock below the ruins of Castel Alto, and calls to mind the star-like eyes and raven hair of the lost Giulietta.

Half of the present collection is now published for the first time. The earlier volume, containing pieces written from the age of seven to the age of sixteen, is almost wholly new. “Præterita” has told us of the influences which surrounded the small boy during his early years. The environment was somewhat narrow, somewhat lacking in freedom and in

healthy stimulus of passion. Peace, obedience, faith—these three were, says Mr. Ruskin, the main blessings of his childhood; but he had nothing to love, nothing to quarrel with, nothing to endure, nothing to develop his powers of independent action, or his judgment of right and wrong. The child was thoughtful, precocious, and, if disciples will not resent the word, priggish. The verses of these childish years are not, perhaps, more extraordinary than what a good many other precocious children have written. What may be considered extraordinary is the persistency with which they were produced year after year in growing volume, and we may add as extraordinary the fact that they were preserved from the fire—wise, secret, and dainty confidant fire!—and that they are printed now. This persistency in the practice of manipulating words foretells the artist in language, who in time will have the whole vocabulary on his palette, to use according to his pleasure and with finest craft for noblest purposes.

His father, Mr. Ruskin has told us, was “an absolutely beautiful” reader of the best poetry and prose—of Shakspere, Pope, Spenser, Byron, and Scott, as of Goldsmith, Addison, and Johnson. It is singular how few traces of Shakspere are to be found in these juvenilia; or, perhaps, not singular, for the child was a wise child, and he may have had some half-unconscious knowledge that Shakspere is inimitable. In his genius that was nothing of the dramatic. When other small boys of literary promise would have been at work on tragedies, like those sanguinary ones invented by De Quincey’s brother, John Ruskin already laboured at the rendering into words of the features and aspects of external nature. The projected Venetian tragedy of the fair Bianca came later. At twelve he wrote “The Iteriad,” a long descriptive-narrative poem which tells of three happy weeks spent among the English lakes. At fourteen he recorded in verse the delights of a Continental tour, which included Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Northern Italy. Again, at sixteen he produced a poetical itinerary—the “Journal of a Tour through France to Chamouni.” The boy’s first models of poetic style were of the eighteenth century—

See where the sun doth on that hill arise,  
And look where Phœbus snatches up the reins:  
See where his radiance paints the morning skies,  
And where unwillingly the darkness wanes.

This stanza, written at ten, tells of the influence of the pre-Revolution school of poetry, and a critical Polonius of the last century might have pronounced the phrase “Phœbus’ radiance paints the morning skies” good. All his primary training after Pope’s Iliad, Mr. Ruskin tells us, was in Scott; and in the “Tour on the Continent,” of his fourteenth year, many and clear are the echoes of Scott, that master whom he has loved with a lifelong loyalty—

Now rouse thee, ho! For Genoa straight!  
We did not for the dawning wait;  
The stars shone pale on Novi’s gate  
And on the airy Apennine,  
Whose towery steeps, with morn elate,  
Lay southward in a lengthened line.

The voice is the voice of Marmion, but the hand that wrote is the hand of the boy Ruskin. “I do not know when my father first began to read Byron to me, with any expectation of my liking him.” Certainly at twelve years old, in 1831, when several memorable things happened—when the boy first tasted wine, when he visited the theatre, when he listened to the shipwreck in “Don Juan,” and soon after alarmed his mother by asking for “Juan and Haidée.” It is amusing to find the Don Juan-esque note first struck in a poem of domestic revolt, in which the writer, protesting against the sentence of early bed, fires up for freedom. The insurgent was of the age of twelve—

Now, come, my dear, ‘Tis time to go to bed,  
Oh, direful sentence; all so full of woe!  
Oh, dear! How mournfully those words are said,  
So contradictory—“Come, dear, and go!”  
When anything has come into my head  
To all composing ‘tis the fiercest foe:  
I wish, mamma, a little less would load us  
With so much of *imperativus modus*.

My dear papa

A good Newyear to you. I at  
first intended to make for your Newyears present a  
small model of any easily done thing and I thought I  
would try to make an orrery but at length I gave it up  
on considering how many different things were wanted and  
composed the inclosed poem with another short address to  
you but Mamma disliking my address and telling me to  
write a small letter to you I attempted though I will  
not say I have succeeded to do it which thing I hope you  
will accept however unworthy it be of your  
notice  
dear papa  
your affectionate son  
John Ruskin

Hornhill  
December thirty-first 1828

FACSIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY JOHN RUSKIN TO HIS FATHER AT EIGHT  
YEARS OF AGE.  
From “Poems,” by John Ruskin.

\*The Poems of John Ruskin. Two vols. (George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, 1891.)

If anything can prove that Southey was right when he described Byron as belonging to the Satanic school of poetry, it is this evidence of the power of the great revolutionary singer to corrupt the morals of so good a little boy as John Ruskin. “I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother simply as a ship her helm.” Ah, no! alas, no! When mamma uttered the decree “Come, and go to bed,” all the spirit of the first grand Revolter was roused in thy childish heart, and that sacred



RUIN NEAR AMBLESIDE: SKETCH BY JOHN RUSKIN IN 1837.

From “Poems,” by John Ruskin.

word of command was referred to in the mocking metre of Don Juan as “imperativus modus”!

In the journal of a “Tour through France to Chamouni,” written at sixteen, a sustained attempt was made to describe the events and sentiments of the journey, as the writer says, “in the style of Don Juan, artfully combined with that of Childe Harold.” And, accordingly, we have such Juanesque couplets as this—

And to feel breezes o’er your feature blown, is  
Like eating raspberry ices at Torton’s,

alternating with melancholy or heroic rhetoric like that of the earlier Byron—

Weep not for those who in their honours die,  
Whom fame forbids to perish—for the brave!  
The mighty and the glorious all pass by,  
All must go down into the voiceless grave.

The Byronic duet of the ironic voice and the enthusiastic voice is here ground on the poetic organ with the loss of some notes and a general decline of power.

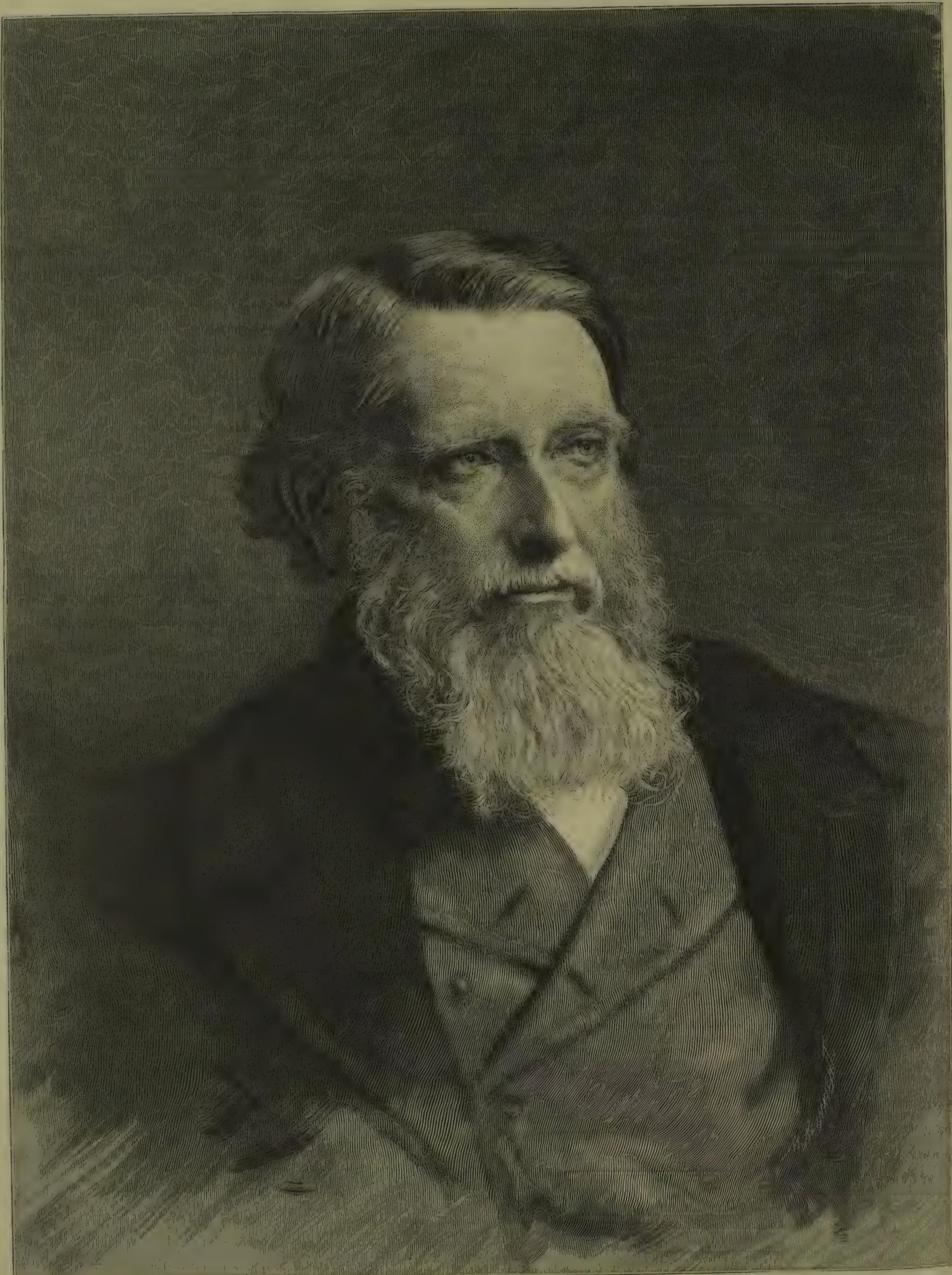
In several of the poems contributed to Annuals the model is Byron in his “Eastern Tales,” or Byron in his lyrics. “Neither the force and precision, nor the rhythm, of Byron’s language,” says Mr. Ruskin, “were at all the central reasons for my taking him for master. . . . The thing wholly new and precious to me in Byron was his measured and living truth. . . . Here at last I had found a man who spoke only of what he had seen and known, and spoke without exaggeration, without mystery, without enmity, and without mercy.” I cannot stop to consider what fragment of truth there is in this criticism; it must, however, be noted, that Byron in due time and for certain needs of the soul was found wanting, and in the year 1836 Mr. Ruskin “took to reading Shelley and wasted much time over ‘The Sensitive Plant’ and ‘Epipsyphidion.’” Adèle Domècq and her Southern perfections helped to render intelligible the invocations addressed by Shelley to his Lady of Light, incarnated for a time in the person of Emilia Viviani. And it is in the “Farewell,” written probably in 1839, when negotiations were progressing for Adèle Domècq’s marriage to another, that the influence of Shelley, both in imaginative form and verbal utterance, becomes paramount. A short quotation will tell more than any possible criticism—

And this was passed, and through far-opening meadows  
That pluncked by its fire-fed sail was guided  
Where sparkled out star-flowers among the shadows  
That dwell upon their greenness, undivided.  
A sickness came across my heart—a stress  
Of a deep, wild, and death-like happiness,  
Which drank my spirit, as the heaven drinks dew,  
Until my frame was feeble; then I knew,  
Belovèd, I was near thee.

If this were found in an unknown handwriting, it might almost be taken by Mr. Buxton Forman or Mr. Rossetti for a recovered fragment by Shelley. The pupil of Pope, Scott, Byron, Shelley, discovered not too late that he could never be a master in that art. Nothing in his brief poetical career became him like the leaving it; and so we lost a fourth-rate singer and gained one of the greatest prose-writers of England. It is not easy to find in these volumes any poem, or any passage of any poem, which is likely to live for its own sake. If there be any one, I would venture to say that it is the following quatrain, one of the very few sallies of verse belonging to Mr. Ruskin’s elder years—

Trust thou thy Love: if she be proud, is she not sweet?  
Trust thou thy Love: if she be mute, is she not pure?  
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;  
Fall Sun and Breath! yet, for thy peace, she shall endure.

By these lines Mr. Ruskin should be represented in our Anthologies.



MR. JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., LL.D.



"IN FRIENDSHIP KNIT."

## LOVE AND LETTERS.

A mean attic, in a mean house, in the northern quarter of London. Hard by stands one of the great railway termini, and the grimy window of the attic looks out upon the railroad. A persistent November drizzle has been soaking the heavy air all day, the water stands in sooty puddles between the sleepers, and the rails throw off a sickly gleam in the gloom of the signal-box. It is still early evening, but the pale watery light is barely strong enough to enable one to discern the interior of the attic. A deplorable ashy fire smoulders in the meagre grate. The furniture consists of a narrow camp bed, a rude wash-hand-stand and chest of drawers, a solid deal table, two straight-backed wooden chairs, and a horsehair sofa. Round almost the whole circuit of the room runs a double row of plain deal shelves laden with books—a strange wealth of books in this poverty-stricken room. Books are everywhere—scattered on the table, piled upon the crazy sofa and on the chest of drawers. On the table is a heavy pewter inkstand and a quantity of paper; manuscript sheets litter the floor on the right-hand side of one of the straight-backed chairs which stands facing the table. On the table, too, are a couple of long bulky envelopes, both bearing the same name and address, the address of the house where they now lie, and the addresses are in the same handwriting as that of the manuscript on the floor.

The evening wears on. Towards eight o'clock the stairs creak, and a step not without elasticity of tread is heard along the passage. The door opens. There is the scratch of a match, and the small blue flame reveals a young man who enters hurriedly and strides to the table. His eyes traverse its surface, and rest with a look of resigned recognition on the two envelopes. "Back again, my much travelled children," he says, and lighting the lamp, he tears the envelopes open, hoping against hope that there may be a crumb of comfort within. Nothing, except his own too familiar handwriting and the stereotyped notes: "The editor of —— presents his compliments to Mr. Fielding, and regrets," &c. "The editor of —— regrets he is compelled," &c. Arthur Fielding throws them down on the table, goes up to the window, and looks out for a few moments; then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he takes off his damp coat, dons an old faded dressing-gown, and endeavours to resuscitate the moribund fire. Having coaxed it into a flickering blaze, he walks round his shelves, flicking the dust off and caressingly touching his favourite books. The wind is now rising, and two or three long wisps of rain are blown transversely across the window with a sharp smack. The cheap casement rattles, and the threadbare square of carpet arches itself like the back of an angry cat.

"Brrr!—how cold and lonely it is! To-day is my birthday, and not a soul in this great city either knows or cares." He opens a cupboard in the wall and brings out a plate, a cup and saucer, some bread, and a tin of cocoa. The fire has begun to exhibit a semblance of cheery ruddiness, and Fielding puts on his kettle, and makes himself a cup of cocoa. "On the occasion of his twenty-seventh birthday," he goes on, "Mr. Arthur Fielding, the young novelist and dramatist to whom fame has come so early and in so gracious a form, invited a select company of his brothers of the pen to a *petit dîner* in his luxuriously appointed chambers in Blank Street. Mr. Christopher Marlowe occupied the place of honour on the right of the host. Come, Marlowe, to warm my blood and keep me company," he said, reaching down a copy of the poet's works from the shelf and propping it open before him. The frugal meal was finished in silence, save for the hoarse voice of the wind and the hissing and whistling of the busy terminus. The reader is deep in "Faustus," and now he comes to well-loved passages which he must read aloud, the more fully to taste the wondrous perfection of their music—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.  
Her lips such forth my soul; see where it flies!  
Come, Helen, come! Give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all I dress that is not Helen.

"What marvellous lines, never trite or hackneyed, however often I read them!" He gets up and walks about the room. "It is my birthday. I will do no more work to-night. I will read, read, read. Can I not make blind Homer sing to me, and Shakspere of myriad moods? What do I want with clubs and companions, when I have the mighty minds of all the ages here? What do I want with earthly loves, when I am surrounded by the sweet graces of Juliet, Miranda, Ophelia, and Imogen?"

A louder shriek than usual from a departing train disturbs his thoughts for a moment, and he mechanically goes to the window and looks out. Through the darkness he sees the train dragging its length slowly out of the station; the lighted carriages are like a fiery serpent. His eyes chance on one compartment occupied only by a young man and a girl, sitting by the near window on opposite sides of the carriage. The train is now fairly clear of the station, and he sees the young man lean forward and stretch out his hands to the girl, who takes them in hers, and sways across to his side of the carriage. Their lips meet—the train has passed. Arthur Fielding stands for a minute or more by the window, motionless. The lamp is burning low, and begins to splutter and smell. He turns round, goes back to the table, and takes up "Faustus" again. He sits for several minutes without turning over a page. Then he pushes his chair back with a jarring sound, sighs slightly, undresses, puts out his lamp, and gets into bed.

## THE ARISTOLOCHIA GRANDIFLORA IN KEW GARDENS.

the "Aristolochia Grandiflora" from Venezuela. It bears the second largest flower known to exist, and the largest that has ever been seen in Europe.

## THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT STATUES, LANCASTER.

This marble group was executed by Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, at the request of Sir Thomas Storey, of Lancaster, to commemorate the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, and Sir Thomas Storey indicated the design of the composition. Her Majesty is represented seated, thinking of her past life and especially that portion of it connected with her late consort, while the Prince appears at her right hand as the embodiment of her thoughts. The figures are a little over life-size, and are carved from one block of marble. The group is placed in an alcove, built to receive it, at the end of the picture-gallery in the Storey Art Institute at Lancaster. It was unveiled by



STATUES OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT AT LANCASTER.

Lord Hartington at the opening of that institution. Mr. Percy Wood has also executed for the Storey Institute portrait-busts of Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., Doctor Whewell (late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge), and Professor Sir William Turner, all Lancaster worthies.

A musical scholarship is to be founded in memory of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who did so much towards founding the Mendelssohn Scholarship. To raise the necessary funds, a large number of eminent artists have agreed to take part in a concert which will be given in London early in the coming spring.

Lady Macdonald has been presented with the letters patent raising her to the peerage as Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe. The document, says a Reuter's telegram from Ottawa, was accompanied by a letter from the Canadian Secretary of State, who congratulated the baroness upon the honour conferred upon her by the Queen as a mark of her Majesty's sense of the public services of the late Prime Minister, as well as of the zealous devotion to public interests manifested by the baroness herself during the lifetime of her illustrious lamented consort.

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1892.

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By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S.

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## THE ARISTOLOCHIA GRANDIFLORA.

Our illustration represents a very remarkable tropical plant, now in flower in the Victoria House at Kew Gardens. It is



## ART EXHIBITIONS.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The picture season commences this week in a very earnest fashion, and the art pilgrim is provided with at least half-a-dozen shrines for the display of his reverence. The Society of British Artists, on account of its antiquity, if for no other reason, first claims attention. Certainly, among the many changes this society has undergone in recent years, none is more startling than that which greets the visitor to the present exhibition. The central room, which has hitherto been reserved for the most imposing oil pictures, is this year dedicated to water-colours in white frames and mounts, giving, at all events, a bright look to the "brown-papered saloon" which marked Mr. Whistler's brief régime.

As to the quality of the works exhibited, it is with regret that we are forced to admit that they hardly justify the revolution which has been so peacefully effected. It may be granted that the members of the Society of British Artists are stronger in water-colours than in oils, but the truth is that they are not, this year, very strong in either medium. Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Kingdom of the Sun" stands out by its size as well as by its qualities as the important picture of the exhibition; and certainly as a careful study of blue water and sky, dashed and disturbed by wind or struggling sun's rays, it is worthy of much praise; but, although as a colourist Mr. Ellis stands on a high level, he misses the more delicate feeling for wide expanse of sea which distinguishes Mr. Henry Moore's work. Mr. Hubert Vos also distinguishes himself in a new line as a painter of sea and coast effects, gathered during a yachting trip down the Channel; but he has not limited himself to the use of water-colours to produce his meaning. In these sketches, which are among the most attractive in the exhibition, Mr. Vos shows the importance of keeping some sort of proportion between the subject of a picture and its size, and it is only fair to say that those who have observed this rule have been most successful. Nothing could be much more unfortunate than such displays as Mr. Cayley Robinson's "Ferry," in which the poorness of the theme has caused the introduction of ludicrous accompaniments; or, again, Mr. Gordon's "Domino," in which the artist, for the sake apparently of getting in costume, forgets whether he is depicting a day or an evening episode. Happily, these and such as these are exceptional works, and in some of the less pretentious one can recognise not only the promise of future success, but the ripe fruit of patient work, and for this reason the gallery is the happy hunting-ground of those picture-buyers who have confidence in their own taste and judgment. Among the older members who sustain their former reputation are Mr. L. C. Henley, Mr. V. P. Yglesias, Mr. D. Knowles, Mr. Lomax, Mr. T. B. Hardy, Mr. Nelson Dawson, and Mr. J. L. Pickering; while among the younger aspirants who can give a good account of themselves may be mentioned Mr. Arnold Priestman, Mr. Tatton Winter, Miss D. Brandon, Mr. Leopold Rivers, and Mr. Adam Proctor—all of whom display something more than mere manual dexterity.

## MESSRS. TOOTIPS GALLERY.

At Messrs. Tooth's autumn exhibition pictures by foreign artists occupy by far the larger amount of space. Some of these might with advantage have remained on the other side of the Channel, for the tricky and often meretricious means by which they attract momentary notice dispirits more honest and truthful workers. On the other hand, it would be unfair to withhold the praise justly due to some foreign artists, and few of our painters have not something to learn from the best schools of French and German art. There is, for example, in this gallery an admirable means of comparing the works of our own President with those of M. W. Bouguereau, who occupies an almost analogous position in France. The "Paul and Virginia" of the latter is in all respects more successful than Sir F. Leighton's "Kittens," which has not improved in tone since it was first exhibited, a dozen years ago, at the Royal Academy, although it looks fresher now than when sold last summer at Messrs. Christie's. Both artists are consummate masters of brush-work, and both aim at the same ivory or mother-of-pearl rendering of flesh; but one cannot but acknowledge that the Frenchman is the stronger and more correct draughtsman. Mr. Alma Tadema is also represented by an old picture painted at least twenty years ago, "A Bacchanalian Feast," which has gained in richness of tone by keeping. It is very subdued in colour, and more attention is given to the figures and to the accessories than in his more recent work. The motive of the picture was subsequently reproduced on a much larger scale in the "Vintage Festival," but for quiet colour and graceful movement the older work—which comes from the Santure collection—will hold its own. Mr. David Farquharson is most successful in the broad expanse of Scottish scenery, "From Birnam Wood to Dunsinane," under a grey cloudy sky; and Mr. Leader, as usual, treats with prosaic severity the really poetic evening light upon "A Surrey Pine Wood." Mr. J. C. Hook's "Music by the Sea," Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Building of St. Paul's," Mr. G. H. Boughton's "The Widow's Acre," Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Horsemanship," and Mr. G. B. O'Neill's very telling "Sale by Auction"—treated in the spirit of Wilkie and the bygone school of Egg and his contemporaries—are excellent specimens of their respective painters.

The principal works by foreign artists—to whom, as we think, undue prominence is given—belong to the Franco-Spanish school, which owes its importance to Fortuny or to the Italians who follow, but at a distance, the teaching of Pasini. Among such Señor Domingo's "Winning Trick" is perhaps the most unpleasant example: gaudy in colour, false in sentiment, and monstrous in size. Such cabaret scenes have been treated in proper spirit by the Dutch artists of the "golden age," who knew how to give life and truth to their groups. Señor Barbudo's "First Communion" and Señor Domingo's "Prince's Amusement," are groups of marionettes in bright clothes; while Señor Gallegos' "After the Celebration," though more subdued in colour, is spoilt by its want of atmosphere and its defective drawing—two of the principal figures apparently walking straight against the doorway, instead of through it. M. Kowalsky, a Pole, thoroughly imbued with French art, is far more successful in his "Children and Flowers," three girls in white, in a flower-strewn orchard, bathed in bright sunlight. The two stooping children are especially graceful and natural in their attitudes, and in all the idea of childhood is well sustained. Signor Villegas's "Palm Sunday Procession" is a carefully executed work, and the background, with its marble and mosaics, is admirably worked out; but the group of singing children with open mouths, which forms the centre of the canvas, verges somewhat too closely on the ludicrous, while, by their brilliant costumes, they draw attention away from the ecclesiastics in the background, who are painted with true appreciation of the Italian types of the fifteenth century, as handed down to us. M. Jacquet's "Sunshine and Shadow," two female figures, are carefully painted, and Signor Vinea's "Tantalising Sport" shows a considerable amount of humour as well as technical dexterity.

## ACROSS MONGOLIA: THE SACRED CITY OF OURGA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

The sight of a nation's decadence is always a saddening spectacle; but that of the once so powerful Mongol race being gradually but surely extinguished, by the people they once conquered, is a still further and overwhelming instance of Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. Although, beyond the annual rearing of a few ponies, camels, and cattle by some of the richer families, there is no actual industry, and the bulk of the populace live from hand to mouth, there are but few signs of actual want. Of course there are poor, wretchedly poor, people in Ourga, who live, or, rather, manage to exist, in the most awful hovels. But still, during the whole month I spent in the sacred city I was never once pestered by a beggar—indeed, I never saw one. Ourga, in this respect, offered an agreeable contrast to most of the Siberian towns I was in, where one could never leave one's hotel or lodgings without finding quite a little crowd of them lying in wait. Whether this is a relic of the old national pride, I cannot, of course, tell, but I give it as a curious and remarkable fact. The absence of beggars was, however, but the one redeeming feature of this dirty and disappointing city—or rather I don't think that this could be called a redeeming feature, for it was more than counterbalanced by the immense quantity of dogs with which the place is infested, huge fierce brutes, more like wild beasts than domestic animals. They are not unlike certain breeds of Scotch collies, only considerably larger. Till I went to Ourga, I used to be fond of "the friend of man"; but I had not been long in the sacred city before I got to hate the very sight of dogs. At night it was absolutely impossible to work owing to the incessant barking they kept up; at all times it was dangerous to venture out unless one was armed with a heavy stick. Although it would not be a difficult matter to exterminate these pests, they are left to increase unmolested; so it is not to be wondered at that every street is blocked with them, to the great danger of passengers.

These dogs do not confine their attentions entirely to strangers, the inhabitants themselves fearing them as much as the Europeans do. It will give some idea of the size and ferocity of the brutes when I add that only a short time ago an old woman, passing through a by-street, was set upon by a pack of them and actually torn to pieces and devoured, in broad daylight, before any assistance could reach her. Nor is this an isolated instance, for not many years since an old Lama was riding through the city late at night, when he was literally dragged off his horse and killed. Very few of the inhabitants think of going out in the streets at night, unless they have very important business, and then very seldom alone. One of the worst "mauvais quarts-d'heure" I think I ever had was one afternoon here, when, accompanied by a Russian friend who spoke a little English, I was returning from a stroll around. In order to make a short cut, we passed through a number of narrow back streets, and while going along the very narrowest of these we suddenly heard a sort of hoarse murmur behind us, which was quickly getting nearer. On looking back to see what it was, we saw a big cloud of dust, and in the midst of it a huge crowd of dogs, coming towards us at full speed, with one wretched-looking brute on ahead of them, which they were evidently chivying. The few people in the street made a rush for their doors, and got inside their enclosure without much hesitation. "It is a mad dog!" exclaimed my companion, at the same time pulling me close to the palisade behind us, which was flush with the road. We stood with our backs to it, as flat as we could make ourselves, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole pack were abreast of us, with the poor hunted beast, covered with blood and dirt, snapping and biting viciously right and left at his tormentors as he flew past. Fortunately for us, they were too occupied to direct their energies in our direction, though they actually had to squeeze by us, so narrow was the street. I did not feel comfortable again until some little time after they were out of sight. The savage nature of these brutes will be more readily understood when it is remembered that the Mongols, in accordance with their creed, literally throw their dead to their dogs, and never bury them. Old or young, rich or poor, the custom is universal, forming as it does part and parcel of their religion. When a Mongol dies, the body is wrapped up in an old coat and is taken a short distance outside the city on to the hills, where it is placed on the ground, with only a "prayer-flag" over it to protect it, and is then abandoned—not to the mercy of the elements, but to hundreds of dogs who have already scented their

desolate surroundings of the desert city. Such a wonderful instinct have the Ourga dogs that, I am told, they will often watch for days outside a "yourt" where a person is dying.

The days I spent at Ourga would have passed slowly indeed had I not had plenty of work to occupy me, for there was little or nothing to do but to stroll round about a sort of market place, where a bazaar was daily held, and where everything almost could be bought, Mongolian of course. This market alone offered almost endless scope for my pencil, for it always presented interesting scenes. One part was devoted to camels and ponies, and it was amusing to watch the zeal displayed by the owners of some promising lot when a likely purchaser appeared. When I was at Ourga, one could get a very decent looking pony for about two pounds (sixteen roubles), which was not dear, considering, for I don't think it is possible to get anything really good for less anywhere; this, I think, will be conceded. In Southern Mongolia, in the district bordering on China, these serviceable little animals fetch much higher prices, especially if they show any sign of speed; and the district at certain times of the year is overrun with agents from Shanghai and Tientsin, racing-men on the look-out for promising "griffins," and comparatively big sums of money are paid for them. Apart from racing purposes, the Mongolian ponies make capital hacks when trimmed up a bit and knocked into shape. I could hardly believe that the smart, well-fed, carefully groomed animals I saw in Pekin, Tientsin, and Shanghai were originally rough, unkempt brutes of the desert, so great was the transformation.

Another part of the market would be occupied by the vendors of saddlery, an important and flourishing department, as well it might be, considering what indefatigable horsemen the Mongols are. But what always struck me as being the most unique part of the motley gathering, and a sight almost worth going to Ourga to see, was the hat-bazaar, a department entirely in the hands of the fair sex. A Mongol's hat is, perhaps, the most striking feature of his toilet; and a rich man will often spend a large sum on his fur-trimmed head-gear. There is very little to distinguish a lady's from a gentleman's, only a tassel or two behind. As, owing to their peculiar shape, no particular difference in size is necessary, there is any number to select from.

The noisy crowd of chattering females, dressed in their quaint costume, with their multi-coloured stock-in-trade, was undoubtedly one of the most interesting sights of Ourga; and often did I hover around them with my sketch-book in hand. But although it was a quiet and inoffensive crowd in the bazaar, it was certainly a very curious and inquisitive one; and at first it was very trying to my temper to find myself suddenly the centre of a group of dirty, evil-smelling Mongols, who were not satisfied with mere observation of my movements, but would actually man me all over with their hot grimy fingers to ascertain of what stuff my clothes were made, my corduroy coat especially coming in for the largest share of public attention. After a

fairly large body of police to represent law and public authority; these look after the place by day, and during the dark hours watchmen with gongs parade the street, and combine with the dogs to make night hideous. Besides these varied arrangements, there is a regiment of Chinese soldiers quartered on the outskirts of the town, forming a sort of bodyguard to the Chinese resident General, who represents the suzerainty of the First Cousin of the Moon over the Mongol Tartars, and who, in



A LOVE AFFAIR AT OURGA.

conjunction with the Mongol Prince, constitutes the Government of the whole territory, for the Bogdo's power is merely spiritual, and he has actually nothing to do with the management of State affairs.

The currency of Mongolia is peculiar, and requires much experience to understand it. On one occasion I bought some trifling article and paid for it in Russian money, which the Mongols are, at any rate, shrewd enough never to refuse. But imagine my surprise when, for the change, I was handed a small slab of brick-tea and two dirty little bits of floss silk, which I should have passed unnoticed in the gutter. These rags, which intrinsically were probably worth less than a

W.B.W.



MONGOL YOUTRS.

feast and are waiting patiently by. No sooner are the mourners out of sight than the dreadful repast commences, and in an incredibly short time nothing remains of the lifeless body but a few scraps of the covering it was rolled in. A general battle usually takes place over the body among the savage brutes, with the result that human remains are seen strewed over the ground, and the scene is too ghastly for description. As there is no cemetery or particular spot for depositing the dead, one not infrequently comes across a stray bone or a skull which has escaped those hungry canine sextons, and these poor vestiges of frail humanity certainly add to the

time, however, I got used to these practices, and usually found that the best way to put a stop to them was to catch hold of the man nearest me, and to begin turning him about, as I was being treated myself, and to examine him as though he were for sale. This nearly always raised a good-humoured laugh.

Still, in spite of its uncivilised condition, there is yet some show of keeping order in the city, although the poor, inoffensive Mongols never struck me as having it in them to be guilty of any big acts of violence; petty larceny maybe, but nothing more than that, for they don't seem to have pluck enough left to do anything really bad. There is, however, a



A MONGOL FAMILY CARRIAGE.

farthing, represented twenty kopeks (sixpence), as I was informed, while the tea was equivalent to thirty kopeks. This tea, by the way, is the only real currency throughout Mongolia; the silk is becoming gradually obsolete, probably because it wears out too soon, whereas the tea will stand almost any amount of hard wear. A "brick" of tea, sixteen inches long by eight wide and about one-and-a-half thick, represents sixty kopeks, equal to one shilling and sixpence. If a smaller sum is necessary, the brick is cut up into sections worth six or ten kopeks each, and even these are again subdivided by the poorer Mongols. It is curious to note that, although Mongolia

## ACROSS MONGOLIA: THE SACRED CITY OF OURGA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

is really Chinese territory, everything is Russian, so to speak; and even the tea and silk represent an equivalent in Russian and not Chinese money. Some of the Russian merchants in Ourga have even adopted a sort of private bank-note system, so as to do away with the bother of having to keep a large stock of loose cash—that is, of “bricks”—always handy. These notes represent so many bricks each, and are redeemable on demand; but I hear that the Mongols prefer the bulky article to the flimsy paper substitute. When, after a time, this currency becomes injured by hard usage, and chipped round the edges, it is used for the usual purposes of tea, and it may be imagined what a delightful beverage it makes after it has been passing from hand to hand for some months among the dirty Mongols. However, these children of the desert are not fastidious, and the greasy-looking stuff is broken up and literally put to stew in the common caldron of the “yourt,” where, eaten with millet seed, it makes a dish much appreciated for some days.

During the whole time I was at Ourga but one event occurred to break the monotony of existence. This was the annual commemoration of the festival of the Maidba, on April 23, the most important of yearly celebrations among the Mongol Buddhists. For days beforehand the city was in the throes of preparation, the various markets were shifted to other temporary quarters, and the streets through which the procession was to pass were invaded by hordes of youngsters, whose mission was to clean up the roads as much as possible—and it was no easy matter, considering that they are all used as open sewers. The mode of procedure was certainly novel, if nothing else. The bulk of the filth was swept into big heaps, and shovelled into dried bullock-hides, to which ropes were fastened. A dreary sort of chorus was then started, and the load was dragged away and deposited on some other road, generally only a few yards distant.

The appointed day arrived, and from an early hour the populace thronged the different open spaces where the best view of the proceedings could be obtained. Fortunately, the weather was fine, so the *coup-d'œil* was very animated and interesting; the procession—which was really three processions moving abreast—was certainly most imposing in effect, and quite Oriental in the brilliancy of the colours displayed. It was composed exclusively of Lamas, and, from the length of it, gave me a fair idea how many of these men there are in the capital alone. On all sides were to be seen huge waving banners, with strange devices on them, and surmounted by still stranger carvings; immense coloured umbrellas, on stands, each drawn by several men; also crowds fantastically attired, marching along, beating large drums shaped like big warming-pans, others blowing musical instruments of forms and shapes impossible to describe, while in the centre of this immense moving crowd was a huge sort of trophy, on wheels, and surmounted by a large wooden horse, painted red and sheltered from the rays of the sun by a big multi-coloured umbrella fixed over it. This was evidently the *pièce de résistance*, for it towered high above all the rest; close behind it, surrounded by a crowd of the highest Lamas, was a bright yellow sedan-chair in which reclined the sacred Bogdo himself. The procession, making a tour of the city, with certain halts at different spots, either for refreshment or religious observance, I could not quite make out which—probably both—occupied the greater part of the day, many of the rests being for as long as an hour, all the men then squatting on the ground in lines round the centre trophy. I managed to get a very good view of the early part of these proceedings from the roof of a friend's house, and then took my horse, and rode through the crowd to inspect it more closely. I don't think I ever saw a more gorgeous display of costumes and jewellery. Some of the women were dressed in the richest of silks, and were literally one mass of silver decorations from head to foot; back and front, every available part was covered with the very quaintest ornaments imaginable, till they had the appearance of walking jewellery shops, and they seemed not afraid of being robbed while pushing their way through the crowd. Of course, most of the élite were on horseback, and it was curious to notice how, even in the far-away Ourga, “the old, old story” is still the same; for I saw many really pretty girls surrounded by quite a little crowd of admirers, flirting away just like their sisters in the civilised world.

Everything in Mongolia seemed more under Russian influence than Chinese. The Russian Consul at Ourga was undoubtedly a far more important personage than even the Chinese General himself; and, from what I learned, I believe the late Consul, M. Shismaroff, was practically the leading man of Ourga, for he was not only very much esteemed and looked up to by the Mongols, but was actually consulted by them in most State affairs.

(To be continued.)



A PRAYING-WHEEL AT OURGA.



CONVICT PRISONERS AT OURGA.



"GONE AWAY!"

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

As a person who habitually deals with the popularisation of science, I am naturally interested in noticing the spread of scientific knowledge among the people. The weekly newspaper has become nowadays a medium for conveying much sound and useful knowledge of nature to the masses, and names of weight in science are not ashamed to be seen figuring in the pages of periodicals intended for the instruction of the nation at large as those of science teachers. But this art of popular scientific exposition has to be acquired. It is not an easy matter to act the part of a successful intellectual crushing-mill, which grinds down the hard scientific facts for the easy mental digestion of unscientific folks. Popular you may be, but to be at once popular and scientifically correct is quite another thing. Huxley, Tyndall, and Lubbock are names which will at once be quoted as those of men who know how to place even an abstruse topic in terms which may be "understood of the people." Contrariwise, there are other and quite as eminent men who never venture—I might add, of some who never should venture—on the public lecture platform, because of the dry-as-dust nature of their material and the dulness of their oratorical style. It is wonderful how attentively people will listen to a scientific discourse if they can only hear distinctly what the speaker says. Some of our *savants* simply mumble, as if they were engaged in a quiet conversation with a neighbour in a drawing-room. If, with a fair style of oratory, the scientist should be found to unite the gift of exposition, of translating into plain English the verities of nature, then he will be a welcome guest everywhere, because of the increasing interest which the nation is taking and feeling in all that relates to the ways and works of the universe whereof we ourselves are part.

It is with writing about science as with speaking about science. Who does not revel in the clear terse style of Huxley or in the vigorous breezy English of Tyndall! Darwin, it must be confessed, is "tough to read"; he was no stylist, of course, and placed his facts on record in the most cut-and-dried fashion possible. But, all the same, Darwin wrote clearly enough, though his statements of facts will bear translation now and then for their fuller public appreciation. When a scientific man takes to writing for the public, he must of all things else use terms which his readers can understand. It is not a desirable thing that one's reader should require a dictionary of scientific terms at his elbow in order to follow out one's lucubrations. Yet not a few scientists go astray in this very matter of absurd technicality in their diction. I confess that these thoughts were suggested to me a week or two ago, by the perusal, during a railway journey, of a paper on "Glaciers," published in a penny weekly provincial newspaper. I have no personal knowledge of or acquaintance with the writer of the paper in question (who happens, by the way, to rejoice in the dignity of a Professor's rank), and my remarks must, therefore, be taken to be of a thoroughly disinterested nature.

In speaking of the effects of pressure on ice, this writer says: "Assuming a column of ice 36 ft. high, a right parallelopipedon in shape, to have a pressure on the bottom of 15 lb. to the square inch—a statement which can be said to be at least approximately correct—it would require a column of ice over 4800 ft. in height to exert a ton's pressure on a square inch, and hence to lower the freezing point of water a single degree Centigrade." Now, I imagine this sentence would necessarily puzzle—to use a mild term—any ordinary reader. The newspaper in which it appears has, I believe, a large circulation among the working classes of its county; and it is by no means every fairly educated person who could offhand define a "parallelopipedon," or who knows sufficient about thermometrical comparisons to tell the difference betwixt Fahrenheit's scale used in this country and the Centigrade scale used in scientific calculations and, of course, employed abroad. Writing such as this can only succeed in disgusting the ordinary reader, who, expecting a plain statement he can appreciate and understand, meets with a mass of technicalities proper to an avowedly scientific memoir, but wretchedly out of place in a public newspaper. By all means let science spread, and by all means let us welcome our *savants* as popular instructors; only let them bear in mind the intellectual difference between a Royal Society hearer and a Tom, Dick, or Harry in the workshop—and, shall I add, possibly Mary or Jenny at the mill—and write accordingly in the latter case in language and terms that he who runs may read and understand.

Included in the shark family is a species known as the basking shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*), which always attains large dimensions and sometimes grows to a very big size indeed. This is the fish which, on occasions, has done duty for the great sea-serpent itself. Floating near the surface of the sea, the basking shark, seen from a distance, has given rise to the idea of some serpentine form, the actual length of which naturally tends to become magnified, because of the wash of the animal, and because of the indistinctness with which it can be seen. The shark swims near the surface in a slow and easy-going fashion, and derives its popular name from its habits in this direction. Lately, I observe, an account has been given of a huge monster of this species which became stranded at the mouth of the Wade River, New Zealand. The length was over 31 ft., which brings these fishes into direct competition with the whale tribe in so far as size is concerned. My readers will please bear in mind that whales are not fishes, but mammals (like ourselves), and breathe by lungs, and otherwise exhibit all the ordinary features of quadruped life. The basking shark, it is related, is common enough on the west coast of Ireland. The liver, which, like that of fishes generally, is very oily, may weigh two tons, and may yield from six to eight barrels of oil. The account before me adds that when sharks' oil was in repute, a single "basker" might give a quantity which brought the fishermen from £40 to £50.

When will people begin to realise the fact that man is an air-breathing animal, and that, if he is to flourish, in any sense, he requires a large amount of pure air, frequently, and indeed constantly, renewed? One very effective way in which we contrive to limit air-circulation and to send up the death-rate of our big cities is seen in the construction of "back-to-back" houses. If I mistake not, the infantile death-rate of Ashton-under-Lyne formed, some years ago, the subject of Government inquiry, with the result that the "back-to-back" system of house-building, giving little or no air-space, was blamed for the excessive mortality. It is stated that in Leeds there are 53,000 "back-to-back" dwellings, inhabited by 214,000 people, all living under conditions, therefore, the reverse of sanitary. The remedy for this state of things is obvious. Ground may be very valuable, and it may be thought necessary to cram as many buildings on a given area as can, by crowding them, be placed thereon; but human life is more valuable still, and Corporations can easily remedy the evil if they are so minded.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

W EVANS (Wardour Street).—We cannot say more than that it is Black who captures White en passant under the circumstances you mention. The Pawn which is advanced two squares past an adverse one is the one taken off. An elementary treatise will explain the principle by means of diagrams.

MRS KELLY (of Kelly).—In No. 2480 an excellent "try" seems to have misled you.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Your last two-mover admits of a second solution by 1. Q to Kt 3rd.

R KELLY.—After B to R 6th what happens if P takes R (a Queen), &c.?

H GUEST (Smethwick).—Q to Q 6th seems a true bill against your last contribution.

L DESANGES (Florence).—Amended version admits of mate on the move by Q to B 6th.

G S CRAVEN (Birmingham).—He was, undoubtedly, one of the finest players of his day, with a wonderful knowledge of the openings; but owing to nervous temperament failed to show to advantage in match and tourney competitions.

R G T (Clapham).—We have no space for the consideration of fanciful notations. Yours is ingenious, but unnecessary.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2476** received from Rev. J WILLS (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2477 from Adolph Michelinis (New York); of No. 2478 from James Clark (Chester); R Soetzel (Dresden); W L Tucker (Thornbury); Rev. Winfield Cooper, A Gwinther, and Specie; of No. 2479 from Rev. Winfield Cooper, L Stein (Vienna); Captain J A Challice, Columbus; T T Blythe, A Kleinpan (Altona); W Vernon Arnold, A C Hechle (New Brighton); E B H, and J Gaskin (Boulogne-sur-Mer).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2480** received from E E H, J D Tucker (Leeds); E Louder, T Roberts, W R Attiler, R H Brooks, J F Moon, Julia Short (Exeter), Alpha, L Pentford, David B. Knox, Martin F. Admiral Brandreth, G Joyce, Sorrento (Danville); Conal M Burke, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), G Jeffreys, H B Hurford, Fr Fernando (Dublin); Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), D McCoy (Galway), T G Ware, Columbus, H S Brandreth, Dame John, and Soberides.

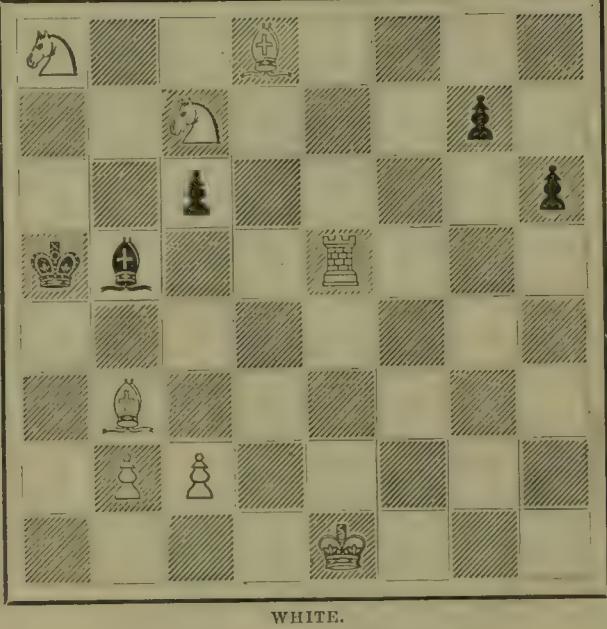
**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2478.**—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE.  
1. Kt to Q 3rd  
2. Mates accordingly

BLACK.  
Any move

**PROBLEM NO. 2482.**  
By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between the Rev. A. B. SKIPWORTHY and Mr. S. TINSLEY.

## (Fianchetto Opening.)

WHITE (Rev. A. B. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Rev. A. B. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	21. It to R sq	B to Q B sq
2. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	22. It to R 8th	B to B sq
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd		A good move, that not only threatens to win at once by B to R 6th, but brings the Bishop into active play at Q 3rd presently.
4. Kt to B K 3rd	Kt to B K 3rd	23. B to K B 3rd	R to B 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	24. B to Q B 3rd	
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		P to R 3rd or Q to K 2nd is worth notice, as then Black could scarcely take the Q Kt P, on account of the following play: 24. Q to K 2nd, B takes P; 25. B to Kt 4th, B to Q 2nd; 26. K R to Q R sq; B takes B; 27. R takes R (ch), R moves; 28. P to B 4th, and White should win.
7. P to Q B 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
8. Castles	Castles		
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2n1		
10. P takes P	Kt takes P		
11. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
12. R to B B sq	R to K sq		
13. B to Q Kt 5th	R to K 3rd		
14. Kt to K Kt 5th	Q takes Kt		
15. B takes Kt	R to Q 3rd		
16. B to Q Kt 5th	R to Q 3rd		
If R takes P, then follows B to Q R 3rd, R to K sq, Q to Q sq, &c.			
16. P to Q B 3rd		21. R to Q 3rd or Q to K 2nd	
17. B to K 2nd	R to K sq	22. P to K 4th	
18. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 3rd	23. K to R 5th	
19. P to Q R 4th	P to K Qt 4th	24. P to K 4th	
20. P takes P	R P takes P	25. K to R 4th	
		26. P takes P	
		27. B takes P	
		Clearly an oversight; B to Q 2nd is the correct move.	
		28. P to Kt 3rd	
		29. Q to B 5th	
		30. P to Kt 3rd	
		31. Q to B 3rd	
		32. K to B 2nd	
		33. K to B sq	
		34. K to B 2nd	
		35. K to B sq	
		36. K to B 2nd	
		37. K to B sq	
		R takes P	
		White resigns.	

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played recently between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another amateur.

## (King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	5th; 21. P takes P, R takes P; 22. P to Kt 2nd, K to R sq; 23. R to Kt 2nd, K to R sq; 24. P takes P; 25. K to B 2nd, R to Kt 2nd; 26. K R to Q R sq; 27. R takes R (ch), R takes R; 28. R takes R (ch), K takes R; 29. B to B 3rd, K to K 2nd, and Black should win easily.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	20. R to Q sq	K to R sq
5. K to B B sq	P to K Kt 4th	If Kt takes P, B takes P (ch), &c.	
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	21. Q to Q 3rd	P to Kt 5th
7. B to K 2nd		22. Kt to K sq	P takes P
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	23. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
9. B to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	24. B takes Kt	Q to B 3rd
10. B to K 2nd	B takes P (ch)	25. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
11. Q Kt takes B	Kt to Q 2nd	26. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 4th
12. R to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th	27. Q to K 2nd	R takes R (ch)
13. P to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	28. Q takes R	Kt takes B
14. Q to B 2nd	Castles (Q R)	29. P takes Kt	B takes P
15. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	30. Q takes P	R takes P
16. R to B sq	K to Kt sq	31. Q to B 3rd	R to Q 8th (ch)
17. P to B 5th	K R to K sq	32. K to B 2nd	R takes P (ch)
18. Kt to B 3rd		33. K to B sq	Q to Kt 8th (ch)
An innovation which does not turn out well. The usual continuation is 1. Kt to B 3rd, K to K 2nd; 2. Kt to B 3rd, Q to R 4th; 3. P to Kt 4th, P to Kt 3rd; &c.		34. K to B 2nd	Q to B 7th (ch)
		35. K to B sq	Q to B 8th (ch)
		36. K to B 2nd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		37. K to B sq	R takes P
			White resigns.

On Saturday, Oct. 17, an interesting match between the counties of Surrey and Sussex came off at the Salutation, in Newgate Street. There were sixteen players a side, and the result was a victory for Surrey by 8½ games to 7½. Mr. Gunsberg was umpire.

At the City of London Chess Club, the big winter tournament, which this year numbers exactly 140 members, was commenced on Oct. 19. In the championship contest, which forms a leading feature of the tournament, Messrs. Curnock, Ifooke, Ingoldsby, Morfau, Peache, Ward-Higgs, A. C. Smith, and C. J. Woon have each scored a point; Messrs. Hammond and Mocatta have each scored half a point; while Dr. Smith, Messrs. Block, Bowles, Clayton, Cutler, Fazan, Gibbons, Heppell, Manlove, and Salmony have adjourned games. Now that the tournament is in full swing, the crowded room forms a striking spectacle.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In presenting Lady Macdonald of Earncliffe with the patent of her peerage, on Oct. 22, the Canadian Secretary of State intimated to the new baroness that it is a mark of her Majesty's sense of "the zealous devotion to public interests manifested by Lady Macdonald herself during the lifetime of her illustrious husband," as well as being a mark of the royal approbation of the career of the late Premier of Canada. The precedent so recently made in that instance has been followed by the Queen in conferring a peerage upon Mrs. W. H. Smith. In the later case, however, the "personal interest in politics" has received no such public illustration as Lady Macdonald was wont to give, and the private wishes of those concerned can alone account for the bestowal of the peerage upon Mrs. Smith instead of upon her son directly. Presumably, as in the case of Lady Stratheden and the Countess of Cromartie, created peeresses in their own right, the title will hereafter descend to the son of the deceased statesman and the lady now ennobled.

There have not been many instances in recent times of a peerage passing from a mother to a son, for peeresses in their own right are few. It is a curious fact that peerages in feudal days were generally conferred to pass to lineal descendants, whether female or male; but in recent and more civilised times it has grown customary to confine the succession to heirs male. I say that this is a curious fact, because, in those older times, when titles were allowed to descend through daughters, a peerage implied certain obligations of service in the field and certain seigniorial rights over large bodies of men. There were, therefore, some apparent reasons in feudal times why a woman in her own person should not hold a peer

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 14, 1890, and April 15, 1891), of the Right Hon. Edward James, Earl of Powis, High Steward of Cambridge University, Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire, who died on May 7 at 45, Berkeley Square, was proved on Oct. 19 by the Hon. Robert Charles Herbert and Major-General the Hon. William Henry Herbert, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £196,000. The testator desires his executors to have printed one hundred copies of his speeches, such part of his book of anecdotes as they may think fit, and certain Greek and Latin compositions (of which he gives a list) in a manuscript book on the table in his sitting-room at Powis Castle. He leaves £500 per annum to Lady Mary Caroline Herbert, the widow of his late brother, the Hon. Major-General Sir Percy Egerton Herbert; and £300 per annum each to his nieces, Magdalen and Margaret, daughters of his said late brother, all charged on his real estate; a fee-farm rent of £1900 per annum to his brothers, the Hon. and Very Rev. George Herbert (Dean of Hereford), the Hon. Robert Charles Herbert, and Major-General the Hon. William Henry Herbert, and to his sister, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Montgomery, for their lives, and the life of the survivor of them; £1000 each to his executors, to his sister, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Montgomery, to his cousin, Henrietta Sarah Hussey, and to Emily, Countess of Cork; an annuity of £52 10s. to his said brother, the Dean of Hereford; and legacies to godchildren, servants, and others. All his real estate is settled on his nephew, George Charles Herbert (the son of his said late brother), and the diamond-hilted sword presented to the first Lord Clive by the East India Company, the statues of the twelve Caesars at Powis Castle, and some other articles are made heirlooms to go with the said castle. The remainder of his furniture and effects, works of art &c., and his leasehold residence 45, Berkeley Square, he gives to the person who shall at his death succeed to the settled estates; and the residue of his property is to devolve with his said settled estates.

The will (dated June 8, 1891) of Sir Thomas Fairbairn, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Bambridge, Hants, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Oct. 17 by Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn, Bart., and James Brooke Fairbairn, the sons, Sir Archibald Lennox Milliken Napier, Bart., and Sir Andrew Fairbairn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator gives absolutely to his son Arthur Henderson "the glazed case containing twenty-one medals in gold, silver, and bronze, presented at various times to my beloved father and myself, including, among others, the gold and silver medals of the Royal Society of London, the Telford Medal of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the private gold medals of King Oscar of Sweden and of Leopold, first King of the Belgians, the diamond snuff-box presented to my father by Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, the Sèvres china presented to me by the Emperor Napoleon III., the large vase presented to me by the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Emperor Frederick of Germany, the oil picture presented to me in the name of the Emperor of Austria at the close of the International Exhibition of 1862, the silver trowel presented to me on laying the foundation-stone of the building for the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, and the silver testimonial presented to me at the close of that Exhibition as chairman of the executive committee by the subscribers to the guarantee fund." The testator makes provision for his wife and his four younger children, and there are various legacies to them

and to others. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son, Arthur Henderson, who has succeeded to the baronetcy, and also to the settled real estate.

The will (dated April 20, 1888) of Mr. William Robertson Sandbach, F.R.G.S., late of Priuces Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Oct. 20 by Alfred Traill Parker and Gilbert Robertson Sandbach, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £320,000. The testator gives certain plantations in the colony of British Guiana, worked as one estate under the name of the Plantation Leonora, with the machinery, implements, live and dead stock, to his nephews, Samuel Sandbach, John Ernest Tinne, and Gilbert Robertson Sandbach. He bequeaths £5000 and his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife; £500 to each of his executors, and one or two other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £6000 for his nephew, Arthur Edmund Sandbach; and as to the ultimate residue to his nephews and nieces, other than the nephews to whom he has given the Plantation Leonora; but if any or either of his brothers and sisters are alive at the death of his wife, they are to take certain shares.

The will (dated June 28, 1889), with a codicil (dated July 3, 1891), of Mr. Richard Heber Wrightson, J.P., late of Cusworth Hall, Yorkshire, and of 34, Great Cumberland Place, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Oct. 17 by the Hon. John Augustus de Grey, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £105,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, wherever it may be, to his wife, Mrs. Albinia Wrightson; all the books, furniture, pictures, wines, and other effects at Cusworth Hall and Warmsworth Hall, and his live and dead farming stock, to his great-nephew, William Henry Thomas, charged with the payment of £3000 to his father, the Rev. Charles Edward Thomas; and many legacies to his own, his first and present wife's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated May 26, 1891) of Mr. Frederic Bishop, J.P., formerly of Stoke-upon-Trent, afterwards of Cannes, France, and late of 20, King Street, Portman Square, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Oct. 15 by William Henry Bishop and Frederic Sillery Bishop, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his four daughters, Catherine Fanny, Penelope Marion, Agnes Eliza, and Emily Charlotte, or such of them as shall be unmarried at the time of his death; £400 to each of his said daughters; £9000, upon trust, for the benefit of his son John Watson Gordon; and legacies to grandsons. His freehold land near Botteslow Street, Hanley, he leaves to his son James Watson; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his sons, William Henry, Frederic Sillery, and Henry George Chatterley.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1875), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1876), of Colonel William Brumell, formerly 25th Regiment, and of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, and late of Royat-les-Bains, France, who died on June 22, was proved on Oct. 20 by Mrs. Marianne Elizabeth Brumell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, for her own sole and separate use absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1868) of Mrs. Geraldine Olivia Mary Anne Fortescue, late of Ryde, Isle of Wight, was proved on Oct. 14 by Captain Matthew Charles Edward Fortescue, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. There are various legacies, and the residue of the trust funds under

her marriage settlement the testatrix gives to her husband, John Charles William Fortescue, since deceased.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1884) of Mrs. Sarah Fanshawe, late of 31, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington, who died on July 28, was proved on Oct. 3 by Herbert Parsons, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her husband, the Rev. Arthur Adolphus Fanshawe, and leaves him the income of the remainder of her property for life. At his death she bequeaths £1000 each to Guy Cecil Parsons, Edith Margaret Michel, Ellen Fanshawe, Mary Fanshawe, and Winifred Edith Fanshawe: and appoints her brother, Herbert Parsons, residuary legatee.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1891) of Mrs. Clara Park, late of Elm Lodge, Teddington, who died on Aug. 29, was proved on Oct. 12 by Harry William Christmas and the Rev. Vernon John Charlesworth, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3779. The testatrix gives her freehold residence, Elm Lodge, two other freehold houses at Teddington, and £2000, "which will be found in my house in gold and notes," as an endowment for the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Female Orphanage, Stockwell; four leasehold houses at Teddington to the Richmond Hospital; several leasehold houses, having short leases, to the Dispensary, St. George's Road, opposite Bethlehem Hospital; £400 in the London and County Bank, and the money in her house, after her funeral and expenses are paid, to the Boys' Orphanage, Stockwell; and she directs her silver tea-service to be sold for the benefit of the Stockwell Orphanage.

In no city in the world, probably, is Sunday more strictly observed than in Toronto, the capital of the province of Ontario. No newspapers are published, no trams run, boating on the lake is sternly frowned upon among respectable people, and it is impossible to buy a banana or even a "candy" during the day. The mayor is one of the most eloquent of lay-preachers, the ex-mayor is the regular occupant of a Protestant pulpit, and nearly all the aldermen and School Board members are officials of some one of the many churches in the city. To this record, say the Sabbatarians, is largely due the fact that Toronto is the least affected with crime of any Canadian town.

Amongst the very interesting collection of the Eastern Telegraph Company's exhibit at the late Naval Exhibition was a minute instrument called "The Unigraph," which, judging by the throng who surrounded it, attracted attention in inverse proportion to its size. It was invented by Messrs. T. A. Bullock and A. C. Brown, for military field-work, local circuit working, and students of telegraphy; and, notwithstanding its liliputian proportions, is stated to be an effective transmitter and receiver. The Unigraph has attracted considerable attention on the Continent, having been ordered by several Governments. It is manufactured by Messrs. Elliott Brothers, the telegraph-instrument makers.

The feeling in favour of the political union of the United States and Canada would seem to be assuming definite shape along the boundary line in both countries. Among the old French settlers in South-Western Ontario a Continental Union Club has been formed, and has received the blessing of Mr. Goldwin Smith. No Canadian of any standing in the political world is, however, as yet sharing in the movement, which is purely local, and the Hon. A. L. Hardy, Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands, who is a pronounced Radical, declares that an annexationist could not secure at this moment more than a hundred votes in any constituency in Canada. Independence is, he believes, Canada's ideal future state.

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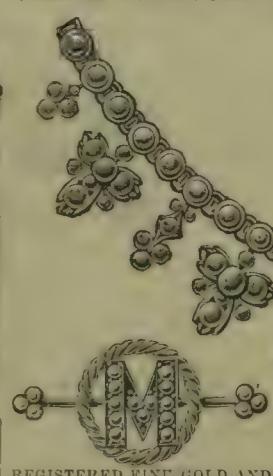
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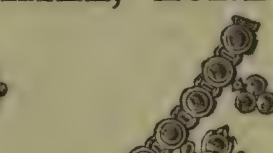


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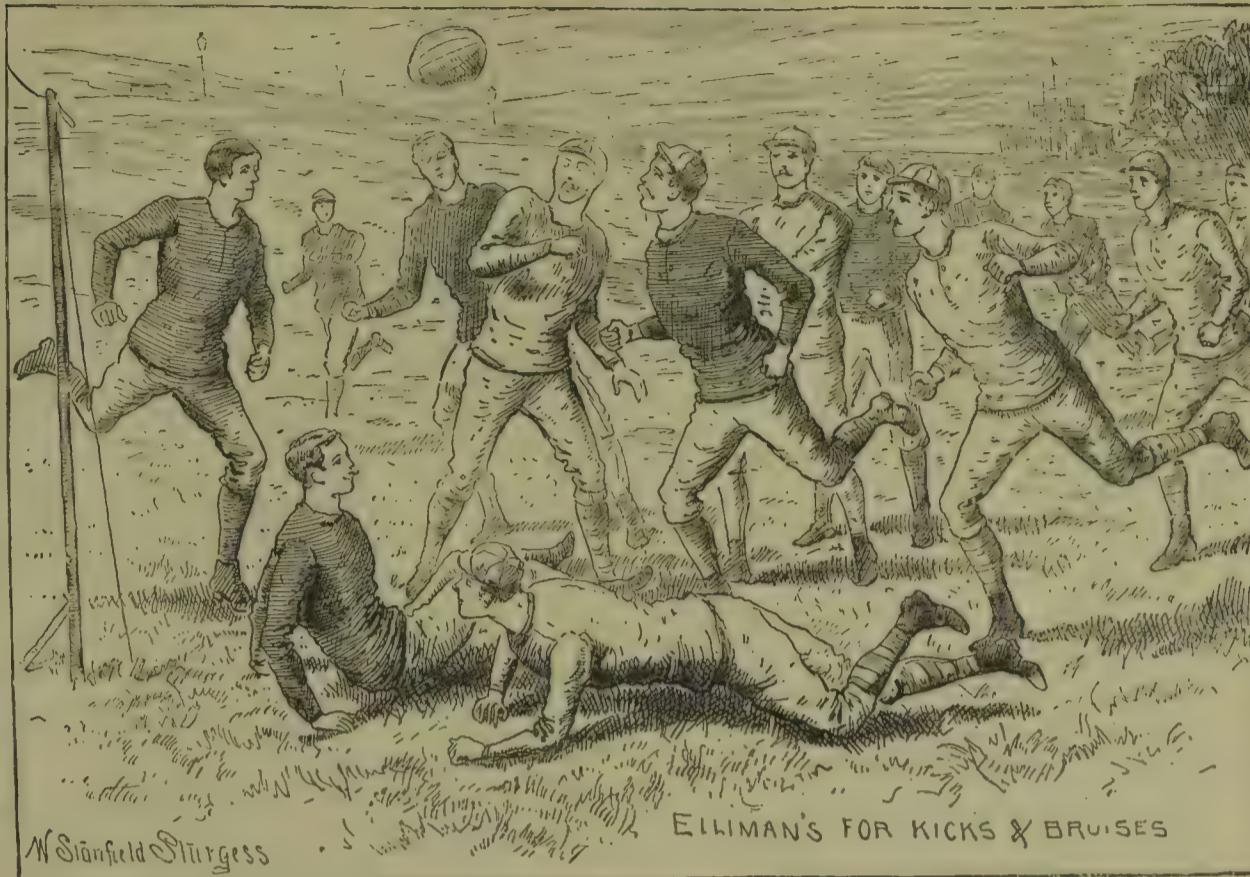
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## MUSIC.

Having already briefly noted the opening of the autumn opera season at Covent Garden, we now have the satisfaction of recording a distinct artistic success for the experiment made by Sir Augustus Harris in bringing over the principal singers of the Opéra Comique to appear here in French works. "Carmen" was given on Thursday, Oct. 22, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, a famous Parisian mezzo-soprano, in the titular part. The superb voice, faultless method, and rare histrionic capacity of this artist won for her an enthusiastic welcome. Her fine impersonation of Carmen elicited from connoisseurs the warmest recognition, and it instantly took rank among the best ever seen in this country. Madame Deschamps—who, by the way, is married to the new conductor, M. Léon Jehin—was admirably supported by Mlle. Simonet, M. Engel, and M. Lorrain—all, like herself, members of the Opéra Comique company. The artists just named, together with another *confère*, M. Bouvet, formed the cast of Gounod's delightful mythological opera "Philémon et Baucis," on its production (Saturday, Oct. 24) at Covent Garden for the first time in this country. Thirty years or more have elapsed since "Philémon" came out at the Théâtre Lyrique, but only during the latter half of that period has it enjoyed decided favour in France—that is, since being shorn of certain redundant numbers and cut down from three acts to two. There is every likelihood now that it will achieve equal popularity here, for lovers of Gounod cannot fail to revel in the melodic charm and exquisite grace of music which belong to the composer's best period—it came just after "Faust"—nor will opera-goers generally despise such a gem of freshness and refinement because it contains only one chorus, and occupies only two thirds of an evening in performance. As for the libretto, there is both humour and poetic fancy in the story of Jupiter's visit with Vulcan to the humble dwelling of Philémon and Baucis, of their restoration to youth, and of the very pretty flirtation in which Jupiter indulges with his lovely hostess ere he takes his departure again. Half the battle with a work of such delicate texture lies in good performance, and that under notice was simply beyond reproach, the interpreters being, of course, so constantly in the habit of playing together that a perfect ensemble resulted. Mlle. Simonet added further laurels to those she had already earned by a highly artistic rendering of the music of Baucis; M. Engel made a capital Philémon; M. Bouvet sang magnificently as Jupiter; and M. Lorrain, as Vulcan, made a hit in the spirited couplets, "Au bruit des lourds marteaux," with which Mr. Santley long ago familiarised us. The charming orchestration was executed with all imaginable delicacy under the masterly guidance of M. Jehin, the well-known *entr'acte* being encored. The garden scene from "Faust" came first in the bill, which was repeated two evenings later in place of "Les Huguenots," the tenor, M. Cossira, being indisposed. A different Marguerite appeared each night—namely, Mlle. Marta Petrina, a *débutante* from Stockholm, and Mlle. Martini, a soprano, who sang at Covent Garden three years ago. Both were favourably received.

Opera at the Shaftesbury has consisted so far of repetitions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and revivals of more or less old-fashioned Italian works, such as "Ernani" and "Il Barbiere." The public shows no particular liking for these things, but an exception must be made in the case of Wagner's "Vascello Fantasma," or, to give its more familiar title, "The

"Flying Dutchman," which was performed on Oct. 27 before a crowded audience. Nearly ten years had elapsed since the last London representation of this opera, which was originally made popular by the late Carl Rosa, at the Lyceum, in 1876. The present revival derived its chief interest from Miss Macintyre's sympathetic and picturesque assumption of Senta, a part never before undertaken by the gifted young Scotch artist. It suited her wonderfully well, and, notwithstanding the moderate calibre of the Erik and of the chorus and orchestra, she contrived to win an emphatic success. Signor Blanchard, a new Italian baritone, made a fairly good Vanderdecken; Signor Novara was excellent as Daland; and Mr. Philip Newbury, an English concert tenor, made a favourable début in Italian opera as the Steersman. Signor Arditto conducted.

## OBITUARY.

SIR JACOB HENRY PRESTON, BART.

Sir Jacob Henry Preston, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Beeston St. Lawrence, Norfolk, died at Beeston Hall, Oct. 19, aged seventy-seven. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Hulton (who assumed, by royal license, the surname and arms of Preston, and who was created a baronet in 1815), by Jane, his second wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1832, and served as High Sheriff for Norfolk in 1847. In 1846 he married Amelia, youngest daughter of Mr. William Willoughby Prescott, of Hendon, Middlesex, by whom he leaves, with other issue, Henry Jacob, who now succeeds as third baronet. Sir Henry was born in 1851, is Captain R.A., and in 1883 married Mary Hope, daughter of the late E. L. Clutterbuck, Esq., of Hardenhuish, Wilts.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF AILESBUCKY.

Louisa Elizabeth, Marchioness of Ailesbury, whose death at Biarritz is just announced, was born in April 1814, the second daughter of John, second Baron Decies, by Charlotte Philadelphia, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Robert Horsley, of Bolam House, in the county of Northumberland. In 1834 she married Ernest, third Marquis of Ailesbury, who died in 1886.

LADY ERNEST VANE-TEMPEST.

Lady Ernest Vane-Tempest died at Wingfield House, Norham-on-Tweed, on Oct. 8, aged forty-four years. She was daughter of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Howden Hall, in the county of Durham, and married, in 1869, Lord Ernest Vane-Tempest, third son of Charles William, third Marquis of Londonderry, K.G.

ADMIRAL THE HON. GEORGE KEANE.

Admiral the Hon. George Disney Keane, C.B., died at his residence, Mere Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, on Oct. 19. He was born Sept. 26, 1817, the third son of Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, G.C.B. (who was raised to the Peerage in 1839 for having gallantly distinguished himself, while Commander-in-Chief in India, by the brilliant expedition to Afghanistan), by Grace, his wife, second daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Smith, R.A. Having entered the Royal Navy in 1831, he served in the Syrian War, 1840 (Turkish and Syrian medals, with clasp), in the Kaffir War (medal), and at the rout of the Imperial camp at Shanghai, 1854 (mentioned in despatches).

In 1881 he married Catherine Mary Langford-Brooke, of Mere Hall, Cheshire, daughter of Major Alexander McLeod, and widow of Mr. Thomas Langford-Brooke.

## MAJOR-GENERAL GRONOW DAVIS.

Major-General Gronow Davis, V.C., late of the Royal Artillery, died at his residence, 5, Royal Park, Clifton, on Oct. 18, aged sixty-four. This distinguished soldier, having entered the Army in 1847, served in the Crimean Campaign from July 6, 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol and the battle of the Tchernaya (medal with clasp, Victoria Cross, fifth class of the Medjidieh, Turkish medal, and Brevet-Major). He received the Victoria Cross "for great coolness and gallantry in the attack on the Redan (Sebastopol), Sept. 8, 1855, on which occasion he commanded the spiking party, and after which he saved the life of Lieutenant Sanders, 30th Foot, by jumping over the parapet of a sap, and proceeding twice some distance across the open under a 'murderous' fire to assist in conveying that officer, whose leg was broken, and who was otherwise severely wounded, under cover; and repeated this act in the conveyance of other wounded soldiers from the same exposed position." General Davis married, in 1866, Anna Wilhelmina, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Cooper Reade.

## MR. UPPLIBY.

Mr. George Charles Uppliby, M.A., of Barrow Hall, in the county of Lincoln, barrister-at-law, late Major 1st Lincoln Rifle Volunteers, died suddenly, at his seat near Ulceby, on Oct. 12. He was second son of the late Rev. George Uppliby, Vicar of Barton-on-Humber, and nephew of Mr. Charles Uppliby, of Barrow, who died without issue in 1853. He served as High Sheriff of his county in 1863. He married twice, and leaves by his first wife, Emily, daughter of the Rev. William Worsley, an only surviving son, George Crowle, born in 1858.

An important alteration, affecting the comfort of invalids and passengers travelling from London to the South of France this winter, has been effected by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, conjointly with the Northern of France and the P.-L.-M. Companies. Instead of leaving Victoria Station at 8.30 a.m., as was the case last winter, passengers will, from Nov. 3 next, be able to start from Victoria Station by the popular 11 a.m. service, via Dover and Calais, in connection with which the Chatham and Dover Company's large and fast steamers, the Calais-Douvres, the Victoria, and the Empress, always run. On arrival in Paris (Nord) at 7 p.m., passengers will be able to proceed either by the train de luxe, composed of lit-salons and sleeping-cars, which will leave Paris (Nord) Station at 7.40 p.m., arriving at Nice at 2.30 p.m. and Monte Carlo at 3.20 p.m.; or else take the "Rapide" service, travelling from Paris (Nord) Station, by the Ceinture, by a train leaving Paris (Nord) at 7.25 p.m. For the accommodation of through passengers a dining-car will be attached to this train while travelling round the Ceinture, giving the passengers an opportunity of dining before leaving the Lyon Station (Paris) at 8.25 p.m. The "Rapide" will arrive at Nice at 4.30 p.m. and Monte Carlo at 5.40 p.m. The Club train, leaving Victoria at 3 p.m., will, in the commencement of the season, only run on Thursdays through to the South of France, but, later in the season, it is intended to have a through service from London twice or three times a week, of which due notice will be given.

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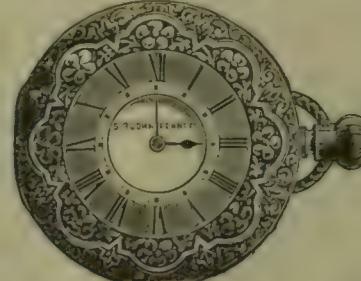
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## FOREIGN NEWS.

The birthday of the Empress Augusta Victoria, who was thirty-three on Oct. 22, was celebrated in Berlin with great solemnity. All the public and many private buildings were decorated with flags, the soldiers and officers wore parade dress, and the day was kept by the imperial family within the domestic circle at Potsdam. A large number of presents were offered to her Majesty, the most conspicuous of which was a portrait of the Emperor by Lenbach. To the great surprise and delight of the Empress, William II, had shaved off his beard, so that the Kaiser's physiognomy has now resumed its familiar appearance. Nothing will henceforth remain to recall the bearded Kaiser but some postage-stamps and some coins which have been recently issued representing him with the hirsute appendage which his consort so disliked. In a few years' time stamp-collectors and numismatists will give very high prices for these stamps and coins.

On the meeting of the German Parliament, a Bill will be introduced by the Ministry asking for a grant of ten millions of marks for the fortifications to be built on the island of Heligoland, which is to be made a formidable stronghold.

Acting on the principle *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, Germany is not only increasing the strength of her army; she is also making considerable additions to her navy. There are now being constructed at Elbing thirteen large battle-ships, including protected cruisers of over 6000-tons displacement and 12,000-horse power, which are expected to steam at the rate of more than twenty knots an hour.

The German Socialist Congress at Erfurt held its final sitting on Oct. 21, when the new labour programme was definitely adopted. This programme is of a very comprehensive and sweeping character, as some of the principal articles will show. Here are a few of them:—Universal suffrage, "one man one vote," and biennial Parliaments; annual revision of taxation; a graduated income and property tax and the abolition of indirect taxation; a wide extension of the principle of local government; the election of judges and public officials by the people; the disestablishment of the churches and the secularisation of national schools, and free books and free dinners for the children attending them. There is also a clause demanding the repeal of all laws subordinating a wife to her husband, another asking for an unbroken period of rest of at least thirty-six hours in each week for every working-man, and many others of a most radical tendency.

That unanimity does not exist among German Socialists is evidenced by the fact that a split occurred during the Congress, a number of delegates having seceded from the Social Democratic party and organised themselves into a new Socialist party.

The famine in Russia is the absorbing topic in the Russian press, to the almost complete exclusion of all others. According to all accounts, the situation is becoming more serious every day. Thirteen provinces, with a population of more than twenty-six millions, are absolutely without food; and it is said by well-informed people, who are on the spot, that the present calamity has been brought about, in South-Eastern Russia at least, by the abolition of the system according to which one year's supply of grain was kept in store in every village. Gradually the peasants were allowed to pay their contribution to the reserve stock in money instead of kind, with the result that the grain stores have disappeared and the

money reserves have considerably diminished in value, in consequence of the fluctuations of the rouble and various other causes.

In the provinces of Simbirsk and Samara, on the Volga, the situation is reported to be most critical. The local authorities are incapable, and the sad condition of the people is being taken advantage of by unscrupulous speculators; so great is the evil that the local press has been ordered not to make known the true state of affairs. In some districts in the province of Simbirsk the only food of the inhabitants consists of leaves of the potato plant, which they boil. A great difficulty which the authorities encounter is due to the improvident nature of the Russian peasants, who, when relieved, use up in a few weeks the grain which ought to last them all the winter, or, in some cases, sell it to obtain money to buy spirits.

As a result of the famine, a number of starving Russians are arriving in Germany, to the great inconvenience of the municipal authorities of the frontier towns, who are obliged to feed them, and are thus saddled with an additional and unwelcome burden.

It is said that the Russian navy is to be reorganised on a new basis, and the scheme with which the Minister of Marine is credited comprises: (1) The creation of a Baltic fleet strong enough to defend Russia's interests on the high seas and to carry operations into hostile waters; (2) the establishment of a subsidiary fleet for the defence of the Baltic coast-line; (3) the formation of a fleet of armed cruisers; (4) the concentration in the hands of the Government of the entire shipbuilding industry; (5) the creation of a new Baltic port besides Cronstadt, so situated as to be open all the year round, and not liable to be blockaded by an enemy.

The French Government seems to be finding out that its uncompromising Protectionist policy is fraught with danger, and trying to recede from a position which would soon be untenable and might lead to the commercial isolation of France. Under the pretext that it will be impossible to negotiate fresh commercial treaties before Feb. 1 next, the date on which all treaties of commerce between France and other countries are to cease, the French Government is about to apply to the Chamber for powers to establish provisional commercial relations with foreign countries until the end of next year. Should this be granted, notwithstanding the fierce opposition which the Protectionist party are likely to offer to the Government proposal, France would apply the minimum tariff recently adopted to Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden and Norway, or to such of them as would give her the benefit of their lowest tariff. Russia, Austria, Turkey, Greece, and Mexico, having "most favoured nation" conventions with France, would, of course, enjoy the benefit of the minimum tariff, as also would Germany and England, the former under the Treaty of Frankfort, and the latter in virtue of the law of 1882. So far, good. The question is, however, whether the Government will be strong enough to carry a vote in the Chamber in favour of its proposal, notwithstanding the staunch opposition of the Protectionists, who are both numerous and influential.

On Monday, Oct. 26, M. Ribot made an important speech on foreign affairs in the French Chamber, in answer to the interpellations of M. Deloncle and M. Delafosse. The three main points of the speech had reference to Italy, Siam, and Egypt. With regard to Italy, M. Ribot denied that the Government had been unmindful of national honour in the

matter of the Rome pilgrimage incident, and stated that the Italian Government had expressed regret at the attacks against France, which had been indulged in by an insignificant minority. As to Siam and the Mekong River, the French Government intends to maintain its rights on the left bank of the river, it having been admitted that all the territory lying to the east of Mekong should belong to France.

Dealing next with the question of Egypt, the Minister for Foreign Affairs said that the position of France in that country was improving, and gave as an instance that French influence had not diminished, the fact that the obnoxious police regulations had been suspended pending negotiations with regard to their revision. With reference to the evacuation of Egypt by the British troops, M. Ribot expressed the hope that public opinion in England would understand that it was the duty of the French Government to remind the English Ministry of the engagements it had entered into. Should France be asked to take part in European negotiations with a view to obtain fresh guarantees from Great Britain, she would persist in her present attitude.

On the recent *rapprochement* between Russia and France M. Ribot threw no new light. The closer union between the two countries he represented as being the consequence of old sympathies and of a real community of interests.

An unfortunate quarrel has broken out between the United States and Chile in consequence of an attack made by Chileans on American sailors belonging to the United States ship Baltimore, resulting in the death of one of them. The report of the commanding officer of that vessel, Captain Sehley, was laid before President Harrison, who is reported to have exclaimed: "I mean to have no more of this from any nation. The demand upon Chile must be immediate and peremptory." Instructions were therefore sent to Mr. Egan, the United States Minister at Santiago, to demand: (1) An indemnity in money to be paid to the relatives of the dead sailor, and of any that may die from their wounds; (2) The arrest and punishment of the guilty parties; (3) A suitable apology to the United States. It is expected that the Chilean Government will make the reparation demanded by the United States.

With regard to the Pamir question, only two fresh facts are to be recorded. The first is that Captain Younghusband reached Gilgit safely, and that he immediately proceeded to Srinagar in order to meet the Viceroy before he left Cashmere. The second is that it is now known with certainty that the Russians are in Chinese territory, and are making preparations to winter in the Ak-Baital valley. As to the objects of the Russians, no precise information is, of course, available. It is said, however, that they claim a frontier which would give them the important places of Irkistam and Oolookhat on the road to Kashgar, in both of which there are Chinese forts and troops. That these places are within the Chinese dominions there is no doubt, for China asserts that her possessions in the Pamir region extend, in a westerly direction, to the Yeshil-Kul, a lake situated to the south of the Alichur.

Bishop Wordsworth has given, and Mr. Benham echoes, a very timely warning against extempore preaching. Perhaps this, more than anything else, has emptied the churches. It is, as the Bishop says, ruinous to style, and many will agree with Mr. Benham when he says, "I very seldom hear an extempore sermon which does not rub me in the wrong way, especially when it is fluent."

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## NEW MUSIC.

Most attractively got up are the waltzes published by Patey and Willis. Nothing could be more charming than the picture of Miss Macintyre in the character of Marguerite in "Faust," which adorns the cover of the "Marguerite Waltz" composed and dedicated to the young prima donna by Felix Burns. It is beautifully printed in mezzotint, and does great credit to the Direct Photo-Engraving Company, Limited. The waltz itself is well written and tuneful.—"Ah! well-a-day" is another pretty waltz on Mrs. Arthur Goodeve's song by Edward St. Quentin, and this is also artistically got up.—"Fairyland," a sparkling pizzicato for piano, by John Francis Barnett.—"Fidélité," a taking gavotte, by Felix Burns.—Tito Mattei's latest song, "Beside me" (words by Clifton Bingham), is after the style of "Dear Heart," and is sure to become popular. It is melodious and effective, and is published in three keys.—"That Day of Days," written by G. Hubi Newcombe, composed by Clement Locknane. A song without much originality, and with a commonplace waltz refrain.—"Strive, wait, and pray," a good setting of Adelaide Procter's words by J. Haydn Parry. In three keys.—A quaint little song, which should become popular, is "A Blue Moon," by Joseph L. Roekel, words by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone.—"A Rose and a Dream," words by Nellie Taylor, music by Arthur E. Grimshaw.

We have received from Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. a graceful piece for drawing-room pianoforte performance, entitled "Mallorca," by I. Albeniz. A trifle difficult, but worth

study. Other pieces, equally well written, by the same composer, are "On the Water," an interesting barcarole; "Rêves," No. 1, an easy yet effective berceuse; and "Angoisse," a beautiful song without words, which cannot fail to please. Amateurs cannot do better than study Señor Albeniz's compositions. They are all good, and at the same time calculated to please.—"Six Songs," by J. S. Barkworth. These are extremely melodious and pretty, and are suitable for soprano or tenor. Mr. Barkworth's setting of "Three Poetical Sketches," by William Blake, are equally charming and musicianly.—"Romance," for violin and piano, by Ethel Barnes, gives decided promise, and is a showy, tuneful piece.—E. Cutler's "Slovanka" and "Scherzetto" for pianoforte are recommended as being moderately easy and attractive.—An "Impromptu," in B flat, composed by Arthur Somervell and dedicated to Miss Fanny Davies, is elegantly written.—J. Haydn Parry's song "Katie O'Flynn" is already well known. It is bright and merry. The words are by Mand Blackett.—A reposeful and pretty song is "From a Child's Hand," words by Clifton Bingham, music by R. B. Addison.

From Charles Woolhouse we have some excellent songs and violoncello pieces by that talented composer W. Noel Johnson. The first is a set of "Four Songs," three of which are poems by Longfellow and the fourth by Shelley. These are all so full of reposeful beauty that it is difficult to specially praise one in particular.—"Two Songs," set to words of Shelley and Byron, are equally good.—"To Neaera" is a passionate setting of beautiful words translated by the Rev. W. Johnson, M.A., from

the Latin of George Buchanan. This song is published in two keys, and deserves to become widely known.—Mr. Noel Johnson's "Caprice" and "Nocturne," for cello and pianoforte, are somewhat exacting, but certainly worth study; while his "Serenade" for same instruments, though also advanced, is really charming and will repay careful study. This firm also sends us "The Garden of Roses," a pretty song which Mr. Sims Reeves has already helped to make known; music by Alex. S. Beaumont, words by R. S. Hichens.—"Oranges and Lemons," an old rhyme quaintly set to music by George A. Lovell.—"Pensée-Etude," a somewhat advanced but excellent piece for pianoforte by Herbert F. Sharpe.—Amateur violinists will be pleased with "Album Leaf," by E. Moira Walsh, which is effective without being difficult.—Not so easy is "Fantasia on Irish Airs," for violin and pianoforte, by T. Jacques Haakman. This is showy and, perhaps, a trifle long, but the tunes are well chosen and the accompaniment tastefully written. The same composer's "Afternoon in February" is a suave, melodious song for contraltos.

M. Piccolomini's new song (published by Rainsford and Son) is a simple, ordinary ballad, somewhat in the Molloy style. The pretty words are by G. Hubi Newcombe.—"Not in vain," by Oscar Verne, from the same house, is conventional, and the words (by Lindsay Lennox) are monotonous.—"Peacefully sleep," by Lindsay Lennox, is a pretty lullaby in F minor.—A song that should make effect, if well sung, is "One morning in May" (words by Druid Gray), music by A. G. Daniel, F.C.O.

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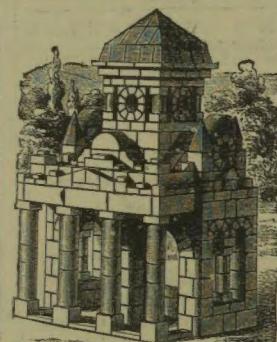
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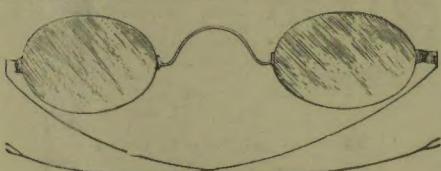
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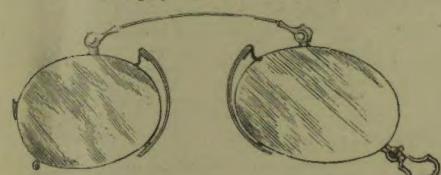
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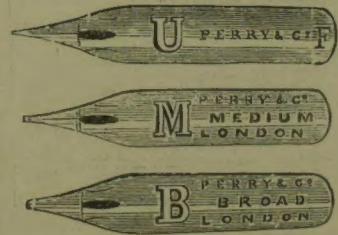
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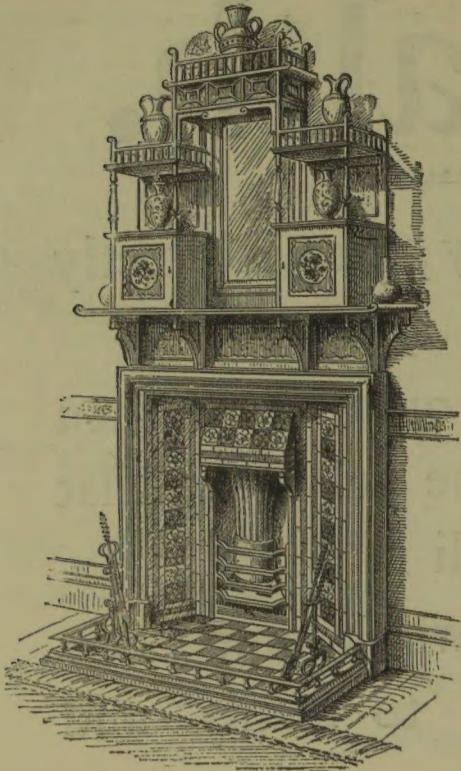
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because, without increasing the price of the Organette (our latest production) over other instruments in the market, we have succeeded in producing the very ACME OF MUSICAL INVENTION, an instrument with as much variety of tone as an organ costing £25. The illustration gives you but a faint idea of general make and finish; but even the Organette, supplied with 28 FULL AND AMERICAN ORGAN REEDS, the same size and quality as those used in a cabinet organ. The reeds are placed in a novel manner (patented) over a double suction bellows, and are controlled by

THREE STOPS as follows, via: Flute, Expression, and Vox Humana. The music is produced by perforated sheets, which pass around the Organette in endless bands, enabling a tune to be played over and over again without stopping, furnishing the GRAND-EST ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS, either in sacred, secular, dance, or vocal music, affording a rich, sonorous, and powerful accompaniment to the voice, requiring absolutely no skill in the performer, and THE RANGE OF MUSIC AND TONES IS PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED. By manipulation of the stops, as tone as soft and sweet as a zephyr or a loud, long, and swelling melody may be produced; trills and high falsetto, as well as reverberating bass, and all manner of pleasing combinations at the will of the performer.

We wish to introduce one of these Organettes in every town and village in the United Kingdom. We caution you against the many worthless automatic instruments being sold under various names. We alone are the SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE (as plus ultra) and you must order direct or through

OUR AGENTS. Remember, they are made in the most substantial manner, highly polished and decorated gold. The reeds are the product of machinery costing thousands of pounds, and are so powerful that they produce sufficient volume of music for the drawing-room, chapel, lodge, or ball-room. There is nothing about them to get out of order. They positively improve with age, producing richer and sweeter tones after having been used a few years. For

HOME ENTERTAINMENTS THEY ARE UNSURPASSED.

Bear in mind that each instrument has FOURTEEN MORE REEDS than any other Organette in the world, and they are ORGAN REEDS, and the special feature is THREE STOPS, a characteristic of no instrument except a costly organ.

Our regular price for the Organette is £4 4s., having just put it before the public, we will sell a limited number to the readers of this paper at £1 15s., provided the above Coupon before the dates named herewith can receive ONE Organette at reduced price of £1 15s.

COUPON 526.  
REGULAR PRICE £4 4s.  
REDUCED PRICE £1 15s.  
GOOD UNTIL Nov. 24, 1891.  
Signed, J. DRAPER.

Size, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  wide, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  high, weighs 8lbs.

Any reader of this Paper who forwards this Coupon before the dates named herewith can receive ONE Organette at reduced price of £1 15s.

TRADE MARK.

Address J. DRAPER, ORGANETTE WORKS, BLACKBURN. LARGEST ORGANETTE WORKS IN THE WORLD.

We will give £500 to anyone who can prove that we ever solicited a testimonial, or that any in our catalogues are not genuine. During October, November, and December, 1890, we received over Five Hundred Testimonials for our Organettes. Surely this speaks for itself.

N.B. ABOVE TIME EXTENDED TO FOREIGN CUSTOMERS.

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